Jan.
Rev. J.W. Van Weelden
17 Tweedsmuir Ave. E.
Chatham, Ont.

CHRISTMAS ISSUE 1971

CALVINIST-CONTACT

CHRISTIAN WEEKLY

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Dec 16

FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he has anointed me;
He has sent me to announce good news to the poor,
To proclaim release for prisoners and recovery of sight for the blind;
To let the broken victims go free,
To proclaim the year of the Lord's favour." (Luke 4:18)

The gospel as Luke wrote it will always be a favorite at Christmas time. There is the story of Zechariah, the old temple worker; of Joseph and Mary who, worn out by travel, couldn't find a place to rest; of shepherds, angels, and two aged saints who praised God for the arrival of the long awaited Messiah; of John the Baptist, the last of the great prophets.

The first three chapters are preliminaries to the real story that Luke wants to share with his audience: **the joyful account of Jesus and his work as God's anointed.**

Christmas can only be celebrated if we are willing to go beyond the manger of Bethlehem and accept the Man Jesus, He who brought God and man together.

It was shortly after the confrontation with **the devil in the desert that** Jesus, "armed with the power of the Spirit," returned to his native Galilee to teach in synagogues. When he came to Nazareth he read an old prophecy from Isaiah and explained that it was being fulfilled right before the very eyes of his audience.

They called it blasphemy and would have killed Him, if it weren't for his paralyzing exit: "They leapt up, threw him out of the town, and took him to the brow of the hill on which it was built, meaning to hurl him over the edge. But he walked straight through them all, and went away."

(Continued on next page)

Continued from front page

FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

From that time on whoever came in contact with him either ignored his message, reacted in holy terror that it was blasphemous, or simply accepted Him for what He really was: God's **Anointed.**

This year's Christmas cover depicts the Trinity. We believe that the baby in the manger was indeed God's own son, His marvelous gift to us, one that included an unbelievable sacrifice. It was not enough that Jesus became human like us; He was placed on earth to pay the ultimate sacrifice. That's why the art work shows the manger as a part of a cross-shaped altar. It was all necessary to re-unite us with His, and now our, Father. It was also necessary so that we might have the gift of his Spirit, the beautiful reality of His daily presence in our lives.

Christmas was the beginning of **the new day** in history (the rising sun). As a result of the Incarnation (God becoming man) we can now rise beyond our selves and be transformed to new creatures (the small, squarish shapes that rise to become fluid and birdlike). The hard reality of Bethlehem can be part of our own personal history, if we accept Jesus Christ for what He really is.

JOHN KNIGHT.

CHRISTMAS . . . UNTO YOU ?

Many times it has been said and written that the world, in which we live, is in such a flagrant contradiction to the message of Christmas. We certainly would not deny this. The wars and tensions in the world and in society, and even in the church and in the families, are indeed far removed from the angelic pronouncement of peace on earth.

Suppose that the angel of the Lord, who appeared to the shepherds some two thousand years ago, would return and would read our writings and hear our conversations, would he not be surprised to find that we many times seemingly overlook one praticular aspect of his message? "Fear not," he said when he first announced the birth of the Lord, "for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." A new translation has it somewhat different, "Don't be afraid! For I am here with good news for you, which will bring great joy to all the people. This very night in David's town your Saviour was born — Christ the Lord!" (Good News for Modern Man).

The angel made his message far reaching: "great joy, which shall be to all people," or "great joy to all the people," nevertheless he made it very direct and personal: "UNTO YOU is born" or "YOUR SAVIOUR" was born.

We can talk long about the impact which Christmas made and is making on world history and we can say very true things. We can complain about the commercializing of this feast. We can organize Christmas programs for the youth or join the carolling in the city streets and parks, and we can do a host of other things and still bypass that personal "UNTO YOU" or "YOUR". And if we do bypass that personal address of God, then in fact we miss Christmas.

It is a tremendous thought that God came down in our human existence by sending His Son, but it can thrill me only when I hear God say to me, UNTO YOU a Saviour is born. To me? Yes, the Lord says, He is YOUR Saviour. And this very fact that He is born UNTO ME, that He is MY Saviour is according to the message of the angel a "good tiding of great joy, which shall be to all people."

If you think about this, it becomes almost unbelievable. It does not make the least impression when I do not know Jesus as my Saviour, but if I do know Him as such, I simply cannot find words to express my feelings. He is not born for the salvation of the creation only, but He also is born unto me.

You may call this pietistic if you wish, but if I reflect on the Christmas story, I can still hear the angel from heaven say: He is born UNTO YOU. He is YOUR Saviour. And when he had made this pronouncement a host of angels joined him shouting for joy: "Glory to God in the highest!"

D.F.

Church Announcements

CHR. REF. CHURCH

Called

to Fruitland, Ont., Rev. J. D. Hellinga of Grandville, Grand Rapids, Mich.

to Owen Sound, Ont., Rev. J. Kerssies of Dunnville, Ont.

to Drayton, Ont., Rev. R. W. Popma of Trenton, Ont.

CAN. REF. CHURCHES

Declined

for Hamilton, Ont., Rev. W. Wierenga of Berkel en Rodenrijs (Holland).

II TORONTO CHURCH CLERK

Mr. G. Broos, 8 Pylon Place, Rexdale, Ontario. Phone number (416)-741-5301.

II TORONTO CHURCH TREASURER

Mr. L. Huizenga, 81 Coulter Ave., Weston, Ontario.

Christmas Carolling in Toronto

The Simcoe League of the Young Calvinist Federation would like to hold a mass Christmas Carolling at the Nathan Philip's Square in Toronto on December 22, starting at 8 p.m.

The Simcoe League would like to see a couple of thousand people come out to bring the Christmas message in song. Song sheets will be available. Everyone is invited to join the throng and to witness for Christ.

Afterwards there will be a skating party. People who would like to take part in that party are requested to bring their skates along.

The young people of the Simcoe League would like to make this an enjoyable evening, in which many people would express their joy because of the coming of Christ into the world. Join them and help carry the message from the Nathan Philip's Square.

CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

Jim Van Dordt had been a naughty boy, as all boys — also christian — sometimes are: by accident (of course!) he had thrown a stone through an expensive stained-glass window which portrayed the birth of Jesus Christ. In capital letters it bore the inscription

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST."

Jim's missile knocked out the second letter E. So until the window was repaired, it read:

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGH ST."

which happens to be the real message of Christmas.

Christmas has everything to do with the hustle and bustle at High and Main Street, Bloor and Young, Mohawk Road and London Road, Artesia Boulevard and Sunset Strip. Christmas is God coming to be with us to show us that He cares.

When in the first night of Christmas the angelic hosts sang the first Christmas cantata, they proclaimed the glory of God Almighty appearing in the birth of His Son, Messiah Jesus. That glory of God is one of the basic ideas of both Old and New Testament and is difficult to translate in modern western idiom. It stands for the **radiance of the revelation of Gods** grace, often hardly noticed by fallen man, sometimes almost hidden from man, but always very much visible in its beautiful splendor in the great events of the history of salvation, Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, the Second Coming.

The angels in Ephratah's plains proclaim the **fact** of God's glory and also the **order** to shepherds and others to glorify Him: — Glory to God in the highest for He does not isolate Himself but comes to lost mankind in His Son! He so loves the world, He cares so much that He penetrates into the hostile planet earth with His irresistable, wondrous grace!

See, that is Christmas, the celebration of God's merciful penetration! With that saving grace He has reached me — even me! — and touched your hearts also. Now we must glorify Him in following the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. We must not isolate ourselves from High Street and King Street, but penetrate into all of life with the message of God's love.

Also in our motivation and evaluation of christian education we have to honour our Lord's own method: not isolation, but penetration. Isolation is outdated since Christmas! Exclusiveness is the deadly foe of christian love and concern. Its selfish spirit can speak of fellowmen as "swine" and is well characterized in Tennyson's "Place of Art" where the isolationist speaks:

"O, God-like isolation which
art mine,
I can but count thee perfect
gain:
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine (!)
That range on yonder plain."

That is indeed the spirit of anti-christ-mas!

Why christian, christ-centered education for God's and our own children? Is it to keep them out of the crooked world, to keep them pious and pure — as if they ever were! — in a christian educational isolation-ward? That will be of no effect, however, because our children — mine at least — have the world and sin within their hearts and come from sin-diseased parents and families. Or do we toil and sacrifice to provide a christian school to our children in order that they also may glorify God in the highest by penetrating with the full Gospel into this world? Yes, that is the answer!

Christmas reminds us, that christian dayschool education prepares our children for their tasks in this dark and yet also fascinating world, that they may become — not holy Joes and Joans — but **christian** dentists and nurses, **christian** storekeepers and housekeepers, **christian** tradesmen and office clerks. They are the arms and hands and feet of Christ Incarnate in the world of tomorrow and must be made aware of this and be given the tools to penetrate into that world with the liberating message of God's forgiving love and radical healing in Jesus Christ.

May we in our christian schools glorify God in the highest by teaching our children to do so in High Street, that is in the centre of the world, where the action is, God's own penetrating action!

Anthony De Jager.

CALVINIST-CONTACT

and

GUARDIAN PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

extend their sincere wishes for a Christ-centered Christmas to all our readers and friends.

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Christmas Concerts

BY

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Chr. Mixed Choir "Praise the Lord", Toronto
Chr. Children's Choir "The Lord is my Shepherd", Toronto

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Dec. 23/30	Dec. 22 (New Year issue)	Dec. 20 noon
Jan. 6/13	Jan. 7	Jan. 5 noon
Jan. 20	Jan. 14	Jan. 12 noon
Jan. 27	Jan. 21	Jan. 19 noon

EMMANUEL

This Christmas narrative was told last year at a Children's program. It was written by Mrs. A. Viersen of Smithers, B.C.

Once more it is time to remember the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is nearly two thousand years ago, but we have not forgotten the time when Jesus came to this earth as a little Baby.

The people of Israel had waited for many, many years.

In Paradise God had promised a Saviour to Adam and Eve. When they had sinned God had sent Adam and Eve out of Paradise. They could never go back there because they had been disobedient and listened to Satan.

But God had promised them children and that one day a Child would be born who would save them from their sin and bring them back into Paradise.

And because of this promise they could still be God's children. He would still love them and care for them. This promise comforted Adam and Eve very much.

But life would now be very hard for them. Satan is God's great enemy. And because they would still be God's children, Satan would be their enemy too. He would always work against them.

Soon after this God did give them children but the promised Child who would save them did not come.

After Adam and Eve many more parents waited. And often people forgot about the promise. Then they thought they did not need a Saviour. At the time of Abraham hardly anyone remembered God's promise.

But God never forgets and does not want His people to forget.

He came to Abraham and told him: Abraham you must move away from your country and your family to another country and then I will give you children, so many "as the stars in the sky." That meant that he would not be able to count them.

And moreover, the Lord God told Abraham: "I will make a covenant with you to be a God to you and to your children forever. And from you children will one day be born a Child which will be a blessing for the whole world."

This Child would be the Lord Jesus Christ. Abraham did not have any children then but he knew that what the Lord says He will do.

And Abraham went with Sarai his wife to another country which the Lord would show him.

There Isaac was born, who became the father of Jacob and Jacob received 12 sons. And so they grew into a nation. They were called the people of Israel and they lived in the land of Canaan.

They were God's chosen people because of the promise made to Abraham.

Many times the Lord had to send prophets to remind them of His promises and of the covenant He made with their father Abraham and so also with them.

Sometimes they would not hear of it and then the Lord would have to punish them.

One prophet like that was Isaiah. He told them to stop sinning and listen again to the Word of the Lord their God. He also told them about the Christ-Child to come. He would be born as a baby, but when He had grown into a man He would have to suffer many things to pay for the sins of His people.

Later another prophet came, Micha. He told of the place where the Saviour and King of the people would be born. It would be Bethlehem. That is the place where King David was born. That is why Bethlehem is sometimes called the City of David.

Time went on. Many more babies were born and many people had died. But finally after all those years the time did come that the Saviour would be born.

Not many people were expecting Him anymore, when one day God sent an angel to the town of Nazareth.

Mary was alone in the house when the angel came to her.

He greeted her and told her that she was going to have a Son. "This Child will be great because He will be King like King David of old," he told her.

Mary did not understand. She asked, "Who shall be the Father of the Child? For I have no husband." The angel told her that this was going to be a special Child, for God Himself would be the Father of the Child.

Then Mary knew that this was going to be the promised Saviour, the Messiah.

Later the angel also went to Joseph and told him: Joseph, you must take Mary to be your wife. She is going to have a Son and this will be a holy Child.

You must take care of Him and call His name Jesus. Because He shall save His people from their sins.

Joseph believed what the angel said, and so he took Mary to be his wife.

Soon after this there came a law from Ceasar Augustus. He was the Roman Emperor who ruled nearly all the world. He wanted to count all the people and they had to go to the town where their families came from. And because of this Mary and Joseph had to journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem. But in this way the Word of the Lord spoken by the prophet Micha would be fulfilled. God was using the mighty Caesar Augustus to make His Word come true.

When Joseph and Mary came to Bethlehem they could not find a house or a room to stay. The only place they could find was a stable where the animals are kept.

And there in that stable was our Lord Jesus Christ born.

Mary and Joseph made a bed in the manger for the Baby to sleep.

It was in the night so no one knew about it except Mary and Joseph. But God the Father in Heaven wanted all His people to know about it.

Close to Bethlehem, there were shepherds in the field looking after their sheep. It was dark and quiet as every other night and the shepherds were waiting together for the morning to come.

Suddenly there was a bright light and as they looked up they saw an angel standing by them. They were afraid.

The angel said: "Be not afraid, I will bring you a very glad message. It will be for all people. Unto you is born this day in the City of David, the Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, you shall find the Baby wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

And then with the angel there came a multitude of angels.

It looked as if the fields were full of angels. They praised God and said: "Glory to God in the Highest and peace to His people on earth." Then they were gone.

The shepherds were so happy, they went right away to find the Baby of whom the angel had spoken. And so they found Mary and Joseph and the Baby lying in a manger, just like the angel had said. And they knew this was the Son of God of whom so many prophets had spoken. The promised Saviour had finally come. They told many people all they knew about this Baby who was their Lord and King.

But not all the people were happy. Satan the enemy had tried to destroy the people of God. Now he would try to kill the Son of God. But the Father in Heaven would not allow this to happen.

The Lord Jesus grew up like all other children, except that He was without sin. And we know that as a Man He preached and taught many things to the people. But many would not listen and started to hate Him. And finally they even killed Him as a murderer on the cross. But it was in this way that He paid for our sins. And that is why we not only remember Jesus' birthday on Christmas Day, but after Christmas comes Good Friday, and then Easter, when we remember that He rose again out of the grave. So that we may also live again after we die. And then we remember Ascension Day when Jesus went back to heaven again to be with His Father. And there He still is ruling heaven and earth. When He went He promised His disciples that the Holy Spirit would come to be with us until He Himself comes back.

And on Pentecost the Holy Spirit came. After that the apostles brought the message of Christ and His salvation to many nations. And wherever the people believed they would be baptized and thus many churches of Christ were established.

God had once told Abraham that One of his children would be a blessing to the whole world. And this happend and still happens today. Now God's people do not only live in Canaan but all over the world, wherever people love the Lord and obey Him as their King.

But His work is not finished yet. He is still gathering His Church in spite of all the attacks of Satan to destroy it so that he may be ruler of this world.

And one day Christ will come back to this earth. Not as a baby, but as a Man with all His angels. Then He will show to all the people that He is the King of Heaven and earth. At that time He will separate the people. Those that did not want to obey Him as their King will have to go away from Him with Satan and His angels into hell. But those who did believe and wanted to obey all He told them in the Bible will live with Him forever in the new Heaven and on the new earth. Emmanuel — God with us.

THE OLDEST CHRISTMAS TREE

This formation in Luray Caverns is known to millions of visitors from all over the world as "The Christmas Tree." At this holiday season the stalagmite is festooned with lights and a star. It is estimated that the formation required over 364,000 years to reach its present shape and size, since the stalactites and stalagmites in the Beautiful Caverns of Luray, Virginia "grow" at the rate of only one cubic inch every 120 years.

Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men

Meditation by Harriet Schuld.

These words were said at the first Christmas, and have been said and sung 1970 Christmasses afterwards, and yet, where is peace?

We seem to be as far from it as ever. Who will believe in it any more? Just look at foreign politics or the international economy, peace sounds like an old-wives tale. Who wants peace anyway?

"Fight for your rights" is the slogan and not only for the materialist. Many Christians don't want peace before they have received their just share. Still, they will sing in a sentimental moment, just because it is Christmas, about peace on earth, but back in their mind is the thought: "Soon the holidays will be over and we can start campaigning again." Campaigning for what? For peace on earth? Or peace in your own heart?

We claim to be followers of the Prince of Peace. Not too often is it noticeable that our motto should be: **He Is Our Peace.** More often we fit the saying of Christ Jesus: "I will set a man's face against his brother, and the members of one house against each other.' Little do we realize that this is meant for those who are brothers in the flesh, but not in the Spirit.

So what has Christianity accomplished with its message of peace? It looks more as if the Gospel has been the source of much controversy in theories, often a strife for power and justice.

Still, He Is Our Peace.

It must be possible to find it among the believers in this world. We look, but we do not find it. It sounds peaceful at Christmastime, but is it only for a moment? For inner peace that lasts we need more than a nice day.

But how then about the injustices in the world? Do we have to let them go by? I do not think we will be able to find peace unless we turn for instruction to the Prince of Peace, Who "when He was reviled reviled not again, but gave it over to God".

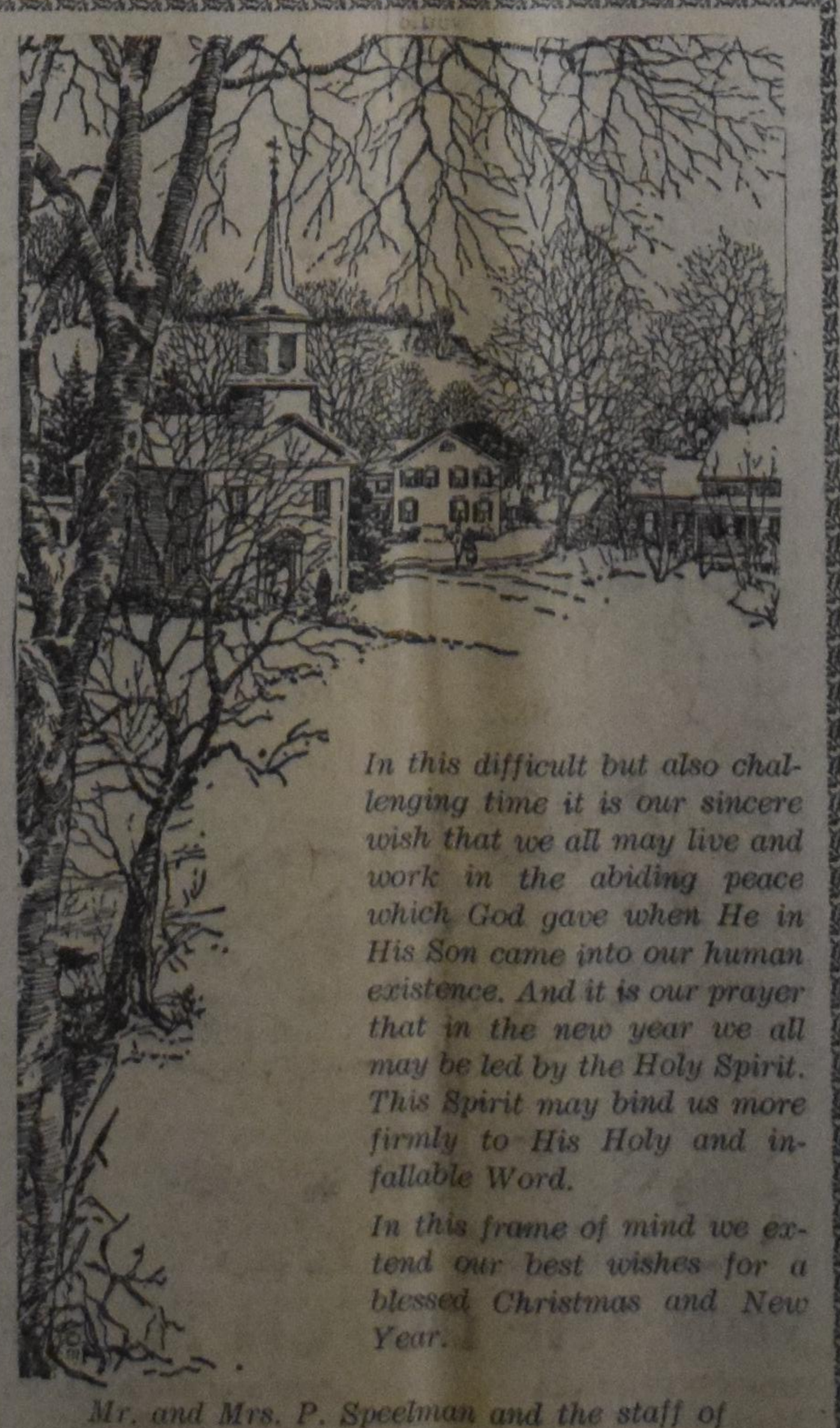
"O, but you are a pacifist then," people tell you, "and that does not work in this world." I guess it does not, that's why wars won't cease in this world.

So, where then can we find peace?

In Joseph Haydn's **Mass in Time of War,** the words of the Apostle's Creed are used: I believe in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, our Lord, and in the Holy Spirit". Then the choir sings: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." ("Glory to God in the highest, on Earth Peace, Good will toward Men").

Peace to all who **believe** in Him. Peace in their hearts, because their sins are forgiven and we are reconciled with God by the coming of the Prince of Peace.

John 14:27, "I am leaving you with a gift — peace of mind and heart! and the peace I give is not fragile like the peace of this world. So, do not be troubled or afraid. ("Reach Out").



In this difficult but also challenging time it is our sincere wish that we all may live and work in the abiding peace which God gave when He in His Son came into our human existence. And it is our prayer that in the new year we all may be led by the Holy Spirit. This Spirit may bind us more firmly to His Holy and infallable Word.

In this frame of mind we extend our best wishes for a blessed Christmas and New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Speelman and the staff of Speelman's Bookhouse Ltd.

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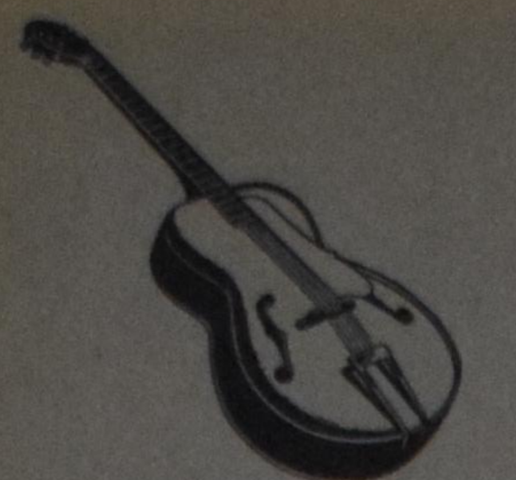

You got to be THEIR STAR, PETER!

A Christmas Story by Ineke Parlevliet

The nurse showed her into the office. "Please, sit down, Mrs. Nordam, the doctor will be right with you." She then closed the door behind her.

Anne sat down in the chair next to the huge, littered desk and folded her hands in her lap. Soon she would know for sure. She had tried to convince herself that is was useless to hope for negative results of the test. She had had two children and knew the pregnancy symptoms well enough. But yet . . . as long as the doctor hadn't confirmed her pregnancy, there was always the slight possibility that she had been wrong in her conclusions. And even if she were pregnant it didn't need to mean that the worst had to be feared. The newspapers were always ready to sensationalize a thing like that. But if it were true . . . then they just had to accept it. They had no other choice. Jim and she had had no difficulties to come to that agreement last night.

Anne sighed and clenched her hands tightly together. They felt clammy and she wiped them off with her handkerchief. In spite of the heat in the room and her warm winterdress, she was cold and shivering.

It wouldn't be easy to bear the tension for seven long months, not to know what the child would look like, if it would live and if it did, how to raise it . . . Would she be able to love it, if . . . ?

Anne's thoughts were interrupted when Dr. Hoving came in. He greeted her curtly and sat down behind his desk. He was a big-framed man with the healthy complexion of an outdoors sportsman. His dark shock of hair could stand a brush and while he was writing in a file — her file, Anne knew — a strand of hair kept falling over his eyes, which he jerked backwards with an impatient movement of his head. His hairy hands with the short trimmed fingernails almost seemed too big and clumsy to hold a pen. Yet it were these same hands which could perform a delicate operation or hold a new-born baby with tender care. His suit under the open white doctor's coat needed cleaning and pressing and as usual he wasn't wearing a tie, but had opened the top button of his shirt, which exposed his short, sturdy neck.

He's a bear of a man, Anne reflected, forcing her thoughts into a different track. He acts like one, too, with his blunt and often rude manners. Why does he keep on writing while he must know that I'm sitting here with butterflies in my stomach? Everybody is always complaining about his moody and domineering attitude and quickly flaring temper, but it is his business-like, non-personal attitude I can't stand. If he weren't such an excellent doctor he would loose all his patients. But since he's such an outstanding physician and surgeon, no patient likes to change him for another one. His diagnoses are always right. If he says that I'm pregnant, I know I am . . . Anne bit her lip and felt her heart beating against her ribs. If everything was alright, he wouldn't have to write that much, would he?

At last Dr. Hoving laid his pen down and looked up. He pushed his chair away from his desk and scrutinized Anne as if he'd never seen her before. Then, clearing his throat he said abruptly:

"Yes. You are pregnant. Just over two months, I would say. Your other conclusion is right also.

BX200 is a most dangerous drug. It's off the market now, but that's too late for many women. The damage has been done. After the thalidomide business in Europe some ten years ago, it seemed completely impossible that a similar thing could happen here. Yet it did. And we're in for trouble. Lots of trouble. Dammit."

His grey-blue eyes were spitting fire, upset and angry as he was about this formidable blunder of the manufacturer and the Food and Drug Administration.

"Thank God that at last Canada has become at least a bit civilized and that we are legally allowed to abort these unwanted children. You're not even three months pregnant yet and we'll have no trouble at all to get an abortion consent from the medical committee for you."

Anne swallowed hard. Her fears had materialized. The baby they were going to have would be deformed, if not worse... She closed her eyes to suppress the tears behind them.

"The best thing is to have it done as soon as possible. It may take a couple of days to get this committee's consent, but by the beginning of next week I'll could have everything arranged. This is an emergency and the hospital will recognize it as such and make room for you."

Suddenly Anne seemed to come back to reality. "Don't, doctor," she said, "Don't bother the trouble. My husband and I discussed this matter thoroughly last night. We don't want an abortion." Her voice was soft, but firm.

Dr. Hoving frowned. "Listen, Mrs. Nordam, you don't know what you're talking about. Let me explain. This drug BV200 which you took on several occasions as a painkiller for your backache, will have the same effect on a fetus as the sleeping pill thalidomide had about a decade ago. This is not just a supposition, but it has been proven. You know what thalidomide did to pregnant women, don't you?"

Anne nodded silently, but the doctor didn't even wait for her reply. He jumped off his chair and walked in three large steps to the bookshelves which lined the one blank wall of the office. His eyes ran over the titles and he pulled out a book. Impatiently he turned the leaves, licking his fingers and crumpling the pages. Soon he found what he was looking for and almost threw the open book into Anne's lap.

"Here. Look at this. Don't tell me you want a child like this?"

Tears sprang to Anne's eyes. Through a mist she saw photographs of babies and of older children who were shockingly deformed. She glanced at them briefly and closed the book before she gave it back.

"I know . . . We've seen these kind of pictures . . . But it doesn't make any difference. We don't want an abortion," she whispered.

Dr. Hoving put the book back on the shelf. His face was set. Although he tried to control himself, his anger and exasperation were visible. Seated again he tapped irritably with a pencil on the file in front of him. His voice was sharp and cutting when he said:

"All right. You don't want an abortion. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what you have against it? That old-fashioned religion, perhaps?"

Anne took hold of herself. "Yes, you're right," she said, looking at him. "That old-fashioned religion still holds today. God is the Creator of life and we have no right to take it. He created this life in me, too. My husband and I definitely never planned or wished another child now our two children are already in their teens. We never expected this pregnancy. Yet conception took place, which means that a new life has been created. Not by me or by my husband, but by God! We cannot and may not change this."

"Hold it!" the doctor interrupted. "Don't say that you cannot change it; of course you can! You're talking about life as if the baby is due to be born tomorrow. But it isn't! The fetus isn't much more than a vegetable. That's a great difference."

Anne shook her head. "No, there's no difference. Life is life. It doesn't matter how far it has been developed. That has nothing to do with it. Life is a gift. We are not allowed to tamper with it. As a doctor you should know that only too well."

The doctor sighed and leaned over his desk, determined to get some sense into this stubborn woman. He changed his tactics and became persuasive.

"Of course I respect life. I'll fight for each life that I encounter as a medical man. But we have to use our senses, our brains, our own judgment. We are no robots who automatically operate when there's a tumor or prescribe medicine when there's a stomach ache. We are held responsible for what we do. And do you really believe that it is a responsible act to let you have this baby? The chance that this child will be normal is practically nil. So what will his future be? The child will be a burden to you and your husband, to our society and above all a burden to himself. What's the sense of his or her existence? You tell me! A human wreck, an object of pity, an outcast of society. A life wasted! And that's what you call a gift? It couldn't be, Mrs. Nordam. Please, reconsider this matter. I'm not a religious man, but I can nevertheless respect your religious convictions, that is, if they are sensible. But they are not. Not in this case, anyway. Many clergymen of all denominations share my view and regard the more liberal abortion laws in our country a God-sent gift. Talk to one of these and we'll discuss this matter again."

"I don't have to, doctor and I don't want to. You're talking about responsibility. I'm doing the same. The difference is that I am personally responsible to God in the first place and not to you, to the child or to society. It doesn't make any difference what some clergymen may think or say. This child is above all God's child. God is a God of love. He will be with this child . . . He won't let us struggle alone with the problems we will have to cope with, for He loves this child already more than a human being ever can do."

"In spite of being an agnostic I know the Bible pretty good. Please, give me one answer, Mrs. Nordam. Did God love Job?"

"Yes."

"And nevertheless Job cursed the day of his birth. What are you going to do when the day comes and this child will curse the day of his birth and hold you and your husband responsible?"

The silence that followed was heavy. Anne clasped her hands so tightly together that the veins stood out as blue cords.

"But Job never cursed God," Anne finally said very softly. "He could still praise His Maker . . . if our child can do that, too, he or she won't hold us responsible either for his or her birth . . ."

Dr. Hoving got up. "You're a fool, Mrs. Nordam. A thick-skulled fool! It's no use wasting any more words on this matter. My time is precious. Make an appointment with my nurse. In four, five weeks I'd like to see you again."

Anne nodded and left quickly. When the door closed behind her Dr. Hoving slammed his fist on his desk, upsetting a box with paper clips which scattered all over the ground. That stupid woman! Who could have believed that so much stubbornness was hidden behind that sensitive face with those soft brown eyes and almost childish mouth? What a joke! What a barbaric joke! He, Dr. Hoving, known as the most fervent advocate of abortion on demand, had a patient who was going to give birth to some kind of human monstrosity! The irony, the absurdity of it all!

★

That all happened almost twenty years ago. Strange that this comes to my mind now, Anne thought, when she went to the basement with a letter for Peter. She listened for a moment at the door of his room and smiled. He must be composing again, she concluded when the strumming on the guitar was followed by a short silence.. She knocked as she always did before entering Peter's domain. She respected his wish for privacy and could understand it.

"Come in, mother."

Peter was sitting on the low stoll with a narrow high back which had been specially designed for him years ago. His legs were no more than two short stumps and in order to keep his balance a wide leather strap was fastened to the back of his chair and closed with a buckle around his waist. His back was crooked and an enormous hunch deformed it even more. Every time Anne saw him her heart bled a little for his sake. But when she saw his face, she felt happy again. Peter looked radiant and his expressive eyes in his small, pale face shone with excitement. His guitar rested in his lap.

"It's going to be a good one, mother. I feel it's going to be good. The music and the words are flowing together just beautifully. It isn't finished yet, so I won't play it for you now. But it's coming along great!"

"You tempt me to listen at your door," Anne said, "but I won't cheat. Here's a letter for you."

"A letter for me personally? From whom?"

It didn't happen very often that Peter got mail. He had no friends and his personal contact with the outside world was almost nil.

"From R.C.A.V., the record company."

Peter put his guitar on the floor and took the letter in his hands. A deep crease bridged his brows.

"What do they want now?", he asked suspiciously.

"Read it and you'll know," Anne said lightly. "In the meantime I'm going to make some coffee. After all it's past ten. We can drink it here."

She took her time making the coffee, giving Peter ample time to read and digest his letter. Most likely it was a request for another record. Less than a year ago his first record with his own composed songs and guitar accompaniment was made.

James, her husband's brother, who had one of the largest record stores in Toronto had heard Peter play during one of his irregular visits. He had been excited by Peter's talent and it was he who had convinced Peter that he owed it to his generation to have a record made of his own songs. After much deliberation and argumentation Peter had at last given in, but only on certain conditions. The fact that for the first time in his life he would be able to earn some money and become financially less dependant of his mother, had finally settled the matter. He had to go to the studio for the recording and he had hated every single minute of it. He had insisted that no more than five people, technicians included, would be around or be aware of his presence in the studio, that no pictures could be taken, nor that anything on or inside the cover of his record would indicate that he was disfigured. Even his surname had to be omitted. The company had consented and kept its word. The record was selling exceptionally well and at regular intervals Anne could cash welcome cheques in Peter's name. Peter had been pleased and Anne had detected that this was not only because of the financial reward, but even more because he had gained status in his own eyes. He was no longer a useless nobody, he had something worthwhile to contribute to the world and people were even paying money for it!

Anne had been deeply grateful for it. For her it had been the answer to her prayers. Without doubt this letter was a request for another record. She wondered how Peter would take it. She wasn't too sure. He shunned the lime-light and he knew as well as she did that with every new recording it would become more difficult for him to remain anonymous, which was a must for him.

Carefully she carried the tray with coffee downstairs and knocked automatically. But there came no answer. She knocked again. Louder this time. When it remained quiet she became worried. Had something happened? With her free hand she pushed the door open.

Peter was lying on the couch, his face buried in a cushion. The letter, crumbled into a ball, was thrown on the ground.

"Peter, Peter! What happened? Are you all right?"

He didn't answer. Anne shook him by the shoulders.

"Tell me what happened. Is it the letter?" He nodded, his face still hiding.

"Get up, Peter," Anne ordered. "Don't act like a child. Be a man, whatever it is what they wrote." She shook him again. Harder.

Peter struggled to get up, but lost his balance and fell back on the couch. Anne knew that the worst thing she could do at this moment was to help him. Finally he sat up straight, his back propped against the wall for support, his stumps shorter than the seat. He looked ugly. His face was swollen and distorted with rage and his eyes, so sparkling a little while ago, were now dark with bitterness.

"Read for yourself," he said, "there's that cursed letter . . .", he indicated with his head.

Anne picked it up from the ground and smoothed the wrinkled pages. Her eyes devoured the rather lengthy letter; then she put it down. For several minutes she sat very quietly, pondering its contents. She read it a second time, slower, taking in each sentence with special attention, and trying at the same time to understand the impact of its meaning and request. At last she put it down again. Her eyes fell on the coffee cups and absentmindedly she drank the lukewarm coffee, searching and praying for an answer to this difficult problem.

Peter had been watching her impatiently. When Anne still didn't speak, he bursted out: "The lousy lot! They are crazy! I wished I'd never made that damned record. I've been afraid of this from the very beginning. I don't mean their request. That's plain ridiculous and so crazy that it's not even worth mentioning, let alone discussing. But you see what trouble they are causing for me! They must have told those guys who I am and what I am. Of course they write that they didn't give my name, but I know better than that! Just wait and see! In no time everybody knows that "Peter" of "World Without End" is me, a guy without legs!"

"Let's take first things first," Anne said quietly, forcing her voice to be steady. "The possibility that your identity has become known to a few more people is just a supposition and not proven at all. But that is not the main issue at stake. What matters most is their request. That should be considered first."

Peter's mouth fell open and he was stunned. "Mother, are you out of your mind, too? How in the world could you think that I should take their request seriously? To play IN PERSON on a rock festival! Imagine! Me! The crooked, hunch-backed, legless star!"

He gave a loud, coarse laugh. It sounded in Anne's ears like a scream of agony.

"I realize that this request seems utterly insane to you," Anne said. "Yet I'm not so sure it is. From this letter I gather that the organizers of that Rock Festival are convinced that your songs will be a big hit. Else they wouldn't bother to ask you. I also understand that the R.C.A.V. company has informed them about your physical deformity, without revealing your name. Yet they still want you. Moreover: they plead you to come. They are ready to pay you quite a bit of money for it, too. That must mean something for your talent."

"Money! You really think that I'm going to act like a monkey in a zoo for a couple of hundred dollars? Not for a million!"

"I don't want you to act like a monkey, Peter, but I would want you to act like a man. For that's what you are: A human being like everyone else. You have great disadvantages, I'll grant you that, but great advantages, too. Your talent."

"Disadvantages!", Peter sneered. "That's what you call them? My hunchback, my stupid stumps? A human being? You can say that again! A misfit, a wretch, an incompetent and incomplete creature, a cripple. You know what I am, mother? You really like to know? I'll tell you. I'm a combination of Quasimodo, the hunchback of the Notre Dame and of Toulouse--Lautrec, the crippled artist. Ever thought about that? Couldn't be worse, could it? A human being like all others! A human being . . . ? No! No!"

Somebody has put a knife in my heart, Anne thought, and is twisting it around and around . . . The pain was almost unbearable. She made her hands into fists, pressing her nails deep into the palms to counteract the pain. "Don't crack up," she told herself. "Don't give in to your own pain and feelings. Not even to those of Peter. Be a man yourself, be brave . . . keep control . . ."

Peter had dropped himself on the couch. He was crying. His body jerked with sudden spasms and his sobs were hardly human.

Anne went to him and sat down. She didn't touch him. For a long time she sat quietly, her hands folded in prayer.

"I understand, Peter," she said when his sobbing became less. "I know how you feel . . . what you feel . . .

Peter veered up as far as he could and turned his face towards her. He choked his sobs and his voice was a mere whisper when he said:

"No. You don't understand, mother. Nobody does. Sometimes I forget what I am . . . when I'm playing or singing or writing down the songs which are in me . . . Only then do I feel human, whole, complete. But at all other times I'm conscious of my deformity. Do you know what it means to be like this?" He pointed to his stumps and back. "Do you really know what it is not to be able to walk, to swim, to play hockey or any other kind of sport? What it is to live like a mole in the ground? To have no friends, no social activities, no outdoors entertainment? Do you know, mother, what it is to see these highschool kids going to school, laughing, talking, and walking with their girlfriends? Their backs straight and their legs strong and muscular? Do you know what it is to pick up a magazine or newspaper and to see these pictures of handsome fellers and lovely girls and then to see your own reflection in the mirror which is so horrible that you can't even look at it yourself?"

His voice was hoarse now and filled with bitterness. "And that's not all yet. There's more. I know, I feel that in everybody's eyes — except in yours — I'm a special phenemenon, a pitiful absurdity. I don't have to see how people look at me. It's stamped on my mind forever. First they are shocked, then they feel pity. The poor fellow . . . But then they get irritated. Some even show it openly.

You see, mother, I have no right to be around. I'm a monstrosity and I should live in a cave, far away from the civilized world, like the lepers in Biblical times. Better yet: I shouldn't have been born. I have no right to confront them with my misery. It makes them feel uneasy, uncomfortable. I give them the creeps. That's what one woman once said to another one just after a church service. I couldn't help hearing it. That was years ago. Since that day I haven't been in church anymore. I told you that it tired me too much. It did. But that was not the real reason. I can't stand people, mother. I can't stand them! I can't stand their pity, their sickening curiosity. '. . . Do you think he can dress himself?', they ask themselves or each other. 'Or bathe? Imagine how he will look . . .' "

Suddenly Anne jumped up and put her hand over his mouth. "Stop! Stop! It's not true! Not all people are like that! You're just torturing yourself. That's wrong. That's sin. And you know it. You're just not yourself. You're worked up and certainly in no mood to discuss this whole matter rationally. I'd better leave you alone for a while. We can talk later when you've come back to your senses."

She picked up the tray with coffee cups and left the room. Back upstairs she made herself a new cup of coffee and sat down with it at the kitchen table. She drank it almost automatically. From far away came a haunting voice: "What are you going to do when the day comes and this child will curse the day of his birth?" Had this day come now? It had come, hadn't it? Hadn't Peter said so with vague words? Only a few hours ago she had been so grateful that Peter had found a purpose in life and that he seemed so happy . . . And now . . . A tear rolled over Anne's cheek and she wiped it quickly away. Had Peter been fooling her then? Or had she been so wrong? Had she, who thought she knew him inside out, not known him at all then? Had Dr. Hoving been right so long ago? Had she been a fool all these years? Putting her trust in Someone Who didn't care or didn't listen to prayers? Or Who perhaps didn't exist, like the doctor believed? Anne shook her head. No. She knew better than that. Somewhere there was an answer to all these questions. She had to find it. She had to know. . . .

She prayed. Confused and defeated she poured her heart out, begging for help and guidance and clarity. She stumbled over her words, repeated herself, but every word came straight from her heart.

She didn't know how long she had been sitting there. But at least she realized that it was far past lunch time. She made some soup and sandwiches and washed her face. Then she took the tray downstairs to Peter. She knew what to do. She had to tell him all.

At his door she stopped and listened. Peter was pounding on his typewriter as if he were beating a drum. She knocked and went in and put the tray on the table. Without looking at him she said: "That's not fair, Peter."

With a jerk he turned his swivel-chair so roughly around that one of his crutches which stood against his desk, fell on the floor.

"What do you mean?" It sounded aggressive.

"Just what I said. I listened to your side of the story without interruption. I thought that you agreed to discuss this matter together. Instead you're already writing your letter. That's not fair. Now you have to listen to me first. Then, after that, you can make up your mind and write them your decision. Anyhow, let's eat first."

"I'm not hungry."

"Neither am I. But we'll eat just the same. Sit down here."

Reluctantly Peter got up and obeyed. They ate in silence. When they were finished and Anne had cleared the table, she said:

"Ive got to tell you something, Peter. I'd never thought that I would do this, but you had better know your life-story."

Peter looked up with sudden interest. "What else is there to know about my life than I know already?"

"I'll tell you," Anne said. "You know what caused your deformity. I've told you that long ago. What you don't know is that the doctor whom I consulted wanted me to have an abortion . . . He almost pressed me to have this done and he became extremely rude when I refused. Your father and I were entirely against it. We believed — and I still believe that life, any form of life, is precious and created by God. We have no right to end it or to have it ended. And so you were born, deformed, weak but struggling to stay alive . . ."

Peter listened intently, his face taut and his obstinate mood suddenly gone. He did not interrupt his mother.

"Dr. Hoving was an excellent doctor," Anne went on, "and although he was visibly upset about the decision which Dad and I made, he was enough man of honour to comply with our views and he literally fought to keep you alive, giving you the best of his care and time. Yet, until the day that he left our village to become the Head of some private hospital in Toronto — you must have been about three years old at that time — he condemned my religious conviction and continued to propagandize abortion on demand. He was a convinced agnostic and felt strongly that man had to use his own judgment and make his own decisions instead of seeking guidance from some supernatural Being, whose existence couldn't be proven. Ive never heard from or about him again. . . ."

Anne fell silent, then softly she continued, "You were not even two years old when Dad died. Unexpectedly. A heart attack. The shock was terrible and the loss great. I felt lost, bitter and rebellious. That was a mean trick of God to leave me alone with the difficult task of raising you. I could and would not accept Dad's death. People came and talked with smoothing well-meant words, but the only comfort they had to offer was that God knows best. But I felt clearly that they, too, couldn't understand why God could do such a cruel thing by taking your father away from me.

Then one afternoon an elder of our church came to see me. He was an older man, father of a large family and an uneducated farmer who had had his share of troubles in life, such as financial worries, sickness of his wife and trouble with one of his sons. Yet it was this simple man who set me straight again.

"Isn't God great," he said, "and full of love. He wanted Jim Home with him, but before doing so He gave you this child who needs all your wisdom, love and help. You might have felt lonely and without a task now that your two older children are gone the whole day and will leave home for good in a couple of years. Now you have a new purpose in life which demands all your energy and time." He said it so casually as if God's love in this matter was so obvious that everybody could see this for himself. You were playing in the corner of the room with some toys and he picked you up and put you on his lap. The next moment he juggled a bar of chocolate out of your ear. You were completely stunned for a few seconds, but then you started to laugh with delight. I don't think I've often seen you so excited as then. It was the first laughter in the house after two weeks of grief and crying and it changed the whole atmosphere. I can never be grateful enough for the visit of that man. Life still was not easy and I missed Dad terribly, but I had found God again and He gave me the strength to go on."

Anne had been talking without looking at Peter, but now she faced him squarely and her voice was warm and humble.

"I love you, Peter. From the moment I saw you I loved you and so did Dad. Before you were born I sometimes wondered if I would be able to love you if you would be deformed. I always prayed that I could. As soon as I held you in my arms I felt ashamed that I could ever have doubted that I couldn't love you. When Dad had died, I started to love you even more. Bert and Corrie were in school the whole day and later on when they went to college they only came for

(Continued on page 12)

Amidst a confused world,
Amidst growing anarchy,
Amidst many who lose their faith,
We kneel before Thee.

Seeing Thy great compassion,
Seeing Thy marvellous love,
Seeing Thy renewing grace,
We adore Thee.

Use us as a mirror of Thy love,
Use us as a herald of Thy coming,
Use us as faithful servants,
We pray Thee.

WITH WARM WISHES
from

De Boer's
TORONTO

A Christmas Story for the Children

The Room

"Two more hours" muttered Greg, as he looked at his watch, "I might as well stretch my legs a bit, and see if there is something to eat for me in the dining-car." Slowly he got up from his seat, and carefully walked behind some other passengers; after a day and a night in this train one learned how to walk without loosing one's balance.

"I'll have a hamburger, French fries and a coke, please," he ordered, and as he reached for his wallet he felt very grown-up and even a little happy. Not every eleven-year-old boy travelled all alone to a city in Ontario he had never seen before! The proud feeling quickly left him though, as his thoughts turned again to the events of the previous months.

What a shock it had been when his uncle and aunt had told him he couldn't live with them any longer! Greg could still hear uncle Steven's voice: "Greg, we're so sorry, you've lived with us for two years now, ever since you lost your parents in that horrible accident, and you've become part of our family! But I've accepted a transfer, my company is sending me all the way to the Yukon for three years, and we simply can't take you! It's for your own good Greg, our two children are still very small, but you have to go to school and later to highschool, and that would mean that you would have to live among strangers, several hundreds of miles away. I've written to uncle Fred and aunt Clara in Ontario, and they'd love to have you!"

At first Greg had pleaded with his uncle and aunt to be allowed to come along, but finally he understood that he had no choice. He simply had to go and live with an uncle and aunt he barely knew, and he had to leave his hometown and everything he loved.

"Think of the challenge!" aunt Nelly had said, trying to cheer him up; "You'll meet new friends, a new school, another province, and we'll write you regularly, we're going to miss you terribly, Greg, but uncle Steven has no choice, if he doesn't accept this transfer, he may never get promoted again! And we have to think of our children too!"

"It was all very well," Greg thought, "but would uncle Steven have accepted this transfer if Greg had been his son instead of his nephew? Did they understand how much it hurt to leave everything behind? Uncle Steven and aunt Nelly didn't seem to mind to move away for a few years, but Greg had grown up in this town with his parents, and the thought of them brought tears to his eyes. After that horrible day, when uncle Steven had picked him up from school and had told him what had happened, life had slowly come back to normal. The ache and the pain was still there, but uncle Steven's house was close to his own, and he had been able to stay in the same school and keep the same friends. But now he had lost all that too! Uncle Fred and aunt Clara had three children, they probably weren't even happy to get a new nephew to live with them!"

"Sylvia is twelve," aunt Nelly had told him, "and Clara and Jim must be about eight and four years old, I bet that within a few months you'll just love it there!"

"I'm scared," Greg admitted to himself, "I'm scared of all those new people and the new town and the new school!" and suddenly the tears started flowing again.

"Tickets, son!" interrupted the conductor his thoughts, and an hour later the train pulled into the station, and Greg's new life began.

✠

"Greg, Jim's already in bed, but he's begging for a story, do you want to read him one to-night?" asked aunt Clara, and obediently but listlessly Greg went to his bedroom, which he shared with Jim.

"Read me a Christmas story?" pleaded Jim, "and also a story about fire-engines!" Greg grinned. Next he would beg for a story about horses, but Greg had a soft spot in his heart for his cousin. "Read about Joseph and Mary, that there was no room for them," commanded Jim, "our Sunday-school teacher told us about that too, but I told her it was Joseph's own fault, he should have left Nazareth sooner!"

Greg was stunned for a moment. Amazing what went on in this little head! There was never a dull moment in this house when Jim was around! While reading the familiar story to his young cousin, a thought struck Greg. "No room for Joseph and Mary and their baby!" He could understand how they must have felt! Was there room for him here? First his parents had died, then, next, his uncle and aunt had moved without him. Oh, he had to admit that aunt Clara and uncle Fred had done their utmost to make him feel at home here. Sylvia and Carla and Jimmy were okay, but still, after six weeks, he felt that he did not belong here, and school was awful! At home he had been in a soccerclub, and a hockeyteam, but here all the teams already had enough members, and he would just have to wait for his turn. A couple of boys had invited him to their homes, but only once, and when he had invited them back they had made excusses! He hated the thought of the coming Christmas holidays, how much nicer it had been last year, when he went skating with the whole gang almost every day! Last year he had belonged!

"Come one Greg, read me another story!" begged Jim, and obediently Greg obliged . . . .

✠

"Dad, Sylvia, quick, let's go into the den, I'd like to talk to both of you! Greg is with Jimmy," whispered mother, as soon as Greg had closed the door behind him.

"What's up?" asked Dad, and Sylvia guessed: "It it some secret about a Christmas present?"

"No, it's about Greg," explained mom, "I guess we've all noticed that he isn't very happy here. His teacher phoned me to-day, he's quite concerned about Greg, and told me his grades were dropping, and that he's still a loner at school. He thinks Greg is very homesick, and that he just isn't interested in making friends. We've tried to get boys here, to come to play with Greg, but making friends is something everybody has to do himself .Yet, I wonder, can't we help him, somehow?"

"Mom, these boys have tried, but it's Greg's own fault!" interrupted Sylvia, "he's so quiet, boy, even my own girl-friends have told me: 'Your cousin is terribly dull!'

"Greg is a shy boy, and very sensitive, and he's gone through a lot!" replied dad calmly, and I agree with mom, we should give him a hand in making friends, the only thing is: I don't know how; Do you have an answer for us, (smart daughter of mine?")

"He's had boys over a few times," remembered mom; "but they didn't seem to know what to do. They stayed in his room for a while, and looked at his books and games, and then they went to the basement, to play a game of ping-pong, but Jimmy was downstairs with some friends, and pretty soon Greg's friends disappeared!"

"I don't blame them, it's no fun with small kids around!" answered Sylvia, "I hate it when I bring friends to my room and Carla is there!

. . . "Oh, I know what!" she cried all of a sudden, "Just listen to my plan, and very soon Greg will be the most popular boy in the class!"

"Calm down, calm down!" laughed dad, pushing his wildly excited daughter back into her chair. "Let's hear the magic words!"

"Well," began Sylvia dramatically, "mom, you said that those boys didn't know what to do at our house! You also said that Jimmy and his friends were in their way! And you always tell us that busy kids are happy kids! You're always telling me that, when I have to help you, just when I dont feel like it!"

Mom smiled. "Go on!" she urged, "I still fail to see what that has to do with Greg!"

"Everything, dear mother, everything!" Sylvia continued. "You know, I think Greg should have his own room, downstairs! A place where he has enough room to have friends over, enough room for his models and all those other gadgets boys are so interested in! And why don't you make that room dad, with Greg's help, and with the help of some of Greg's classmates? Boys like to hammer away, and he'll have friends even during the holidays, maybe more than mom likes!"

Mom and dad were quiet for a moment. "You know," answered dad thoughtfully, "your idea isn't bad at all, not bad at all! Frankly, mom and I already discussed it before Greg came here, we knew we needed more room, but a room downstairs will cost quite a bit, lumber is expensive you know, and right now I can't afford it, I wanted to wait for a while!"

"How much would it cost?" asked mom, and dad figured: "I have a week's holidays around Christmas, if we do it ourselves, it could still cost five hundred dollars or more!"

Mom thought for a while. "We have custody of Greg," she began, "and there's quite a bit of money, for when he goes to college. Couldn't we use some of that money now, and pay it back later? We could explain it to him. I think Sylvia hit the nail right on the head, Greg should have his own room, and I'm sure that lots of boys in his class would just love to come and help him!"

"Yes, I think we should go ahead, I'll make Greg my supervisor, and I'll tell him he can pay his friends a few dollars a day, that should make him feel even more important," decided dad, "Sylvia, you've given your parents some good advice, we may need your wisdom again!"

"With pleasure," giggled Sylvia, while she made a graceful curtsy, "although I haven't done myself a favour, I can just imagine what the Christmas holidays are going to be like, with several yelling and screaming boys in our basement!"

"I'll gladly put up with all the mess and the inconvenience," said mom, suddenly serious, "if it will only help Greg, it hurts me to see that poor boy so withdrawn and unhappy, I feel we should pray that God will bless our efforts. Greg has lost a lot in the past, I do hope so much that he will have a happy Christmas here!"

✠

"So you see Greg, I'll need all the help I can get, we'll go over the blueprint to-morrow, and I'll order the lumber, all you have to do is ask three boys to come and help us, would you do that for me?" asked uncle Fred, and Greg still felt a little dazed. So he would have his own room, and they would make it together, boy, that would be fun!

"You can tell your friends that they will make a few dollars a day if they work hard, and I want you to be in charge of paying all the bills, I hate paperwork, and you're pretty good with figures!" continued uncle Fred, and again Greg, with sparkling eyes was speechless. Uncle Fred trusted him with the money! That was almost the most important part of the whole job! The thought made him feel very proud, and the next day at recess he forgot to be shy when he walked over to some classmates.

"Listen you guys!" he began, "who wants to make some money during the holidays?" Everybody yelled at once: "Me, me! What is it, Greg, what do we have to do?" Greg felt more important by the minute, and carefully he explained what was expected of the boys.

"Boy, that's great!" cried the gang: "May we all come?"

"I can only take three at a time!" explained Greg, "but we can take turns, the room won't be ready overnight!"

"Pick me first!" cried the biggest bully of the class, "I have a hammer and I can borrow my dad's tools!"

"No pick me first, me first!" cried all the others, and when Sylvia saw the cluster of boys on the playground, with her cousin in the middle, she smiled to herself. The plan was already working, Greg would be alright, she just knew it!

That night Greg was too excited to fall asleep. These boys were just great! And so were his uncle and aunt.

Sylvia had remarked casually at the suppertable: "Dad, you should see it, the whole class goes wild over Greg. It's a good thing he's getting that room, he'll have lots of guys over. All I heard at recess was: Greg, Greg, Greg!"

Aunt Clara had smiled, and she had given him an approving look, and all of a sudden Greg knew he would just love it here! He belonged here!

Greg had almost dozed off, when he suddenly remembered he had forgotten to say his evening prayer. And under the blankets he added from the bottom of his heart: "Thank you Jesus, for my new friends, and my new room!" That night with a smile on his face Greg fell asleep.

B. Hosmar

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A CHILD IS BORN

In Judea
A child is born
And his name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace
—And when He is thirty-three
We will let Him die on a cross.

In Africa
A child is born
And his name may be called
Mbomba, Ekoko or Nnamdi
—And while he is still a boy
We will let him die unattended.

In India
A child is born
And his name may be called
Aiyub, Jhalar or Budram
—And while he is still a babe
We will let him die of starvation.

In Jordan
A child is born
And his name may be called
Farid, Ishaq or Shukri
—And though he grows to manhood
We will keep him a homeless refugee.

In America
A child is born
And his name may be called
Robert, Steven or Thomas
—And when he is just eighteen
We will train him how to kill.

In Judea
A child is born
And his name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace
—And once again this year
We will let him die on a cross

For truly
I say to you
Inasmuch as we do it
to one of the least of these
His children
We do it to Him.

Margaret S. Hutcheson

HI NEIGHBOURS!

"AND THE ANGELS SING"

Joe went down the school steps, then back to the room, four times before he could ask Mrs. Laird. The rest of the third-graders had disappeared into the little thicket. Mrs. Laird was standing beside the Christmas tree, holding the basket of ornaments they had taken from the little evergreen when the program was over.

"Mrs. Laird, could I have a big sheet of drawing paper?" Joe blurted out. Then he held his breath, afraid she hadn't understood and he'd have to ask again.

But Mrs. Laid understood. The warmth crept back into his stiff fingers and the tightness left his throat. "You see, I want to make a picture for Miss Pink. She's the one I live with."

He hesitated for a moment at the wonder of living in Miss Pink's square, one-room house. It had been his home for three months, since the day she brought him from the Indian Children's Home.

"I know Miss Pinkerton and I know how much she thinks of you," Mrs. Laird said: "I am glad you are going to make her a picture. Your pictures are always so good, Joe. Whoever said the Choctaws didn't get much of a share when art talent was passed out among the Indian tribes? Well, I know an 8-year-old Choctaw boy named Joe Nashoba . . ."

She went to the cabinet for drawing paper. She rolled it carefully, tied it with a string from the Christmas tree. "Do you have crayons?" she asked. "And isn't Christmas Eve a little late for starting a picture?"

Joe answered the last question first. "I'll have time. Miss Pink works late today at the Grahams. And I have four colours," he added, taking four stubby crayons from his jeans pocket.

"Mike was going to give me a knife for a present," he explained. "I asked him to give me four of his old colours instead. He — thought I was crazy."

"You aren't crazy," Mrs. Laird said the words so seriously that Joe felt the red spreading on his brown cheeks. He ran from the room and down the school steps.

It was at the stream that it happened. The little stream sparkled over the rocks right where the path started up the hill to Miss Pink's square house. The sky was always a certain kind of glowing blue when you looked up through the willows. Joe must have looked up a little too long. Or maybe it was the sight of Miss Pink's house on Christmas Eve.

He slipped on one of the rocks as he stepped across the stream. The icy water didn't hurt the crayolas. But when he rescued the paper, it was nothing but soggy scraps.

Joe's hand felt limp and useless as he opened Miss Pink's door. He felt tired all over. He still had the four colours but he didn't look at them. Mrs. Laird was gone and the school was locked. There was no way to get another sheet of paper. There would be no picture for Miss Pink.

He put on dry clothes, sat on his cot. It was a long time before he saw something new in the room. There was a new cloth on the round table. It was shining white. The flames, banked low in the fireplace, made shadowy, dancing pictures on the white cloth.

"Make pictures on the cloth..." Joe repeated it as he sat on the cot. He found the four crayons under the bed. In a moment he was bending over the table, humming a tuneless song under his breath.

When the door opened, he thought it was Miss Pink. He wanted to throw paper over the cloth. But there wasn't any paper.

It was not Miss Pink. Mike's voice came from the doorway. "Had to come see what was happening with my old colours," he said.

Mike was right behind him now and he let out a shrill whistle. "Hey, man, that's something! But aren't you in for it! Don't you know Miss Pink saved coupons about three years to get that tablecloth? She'll flip. But say, those angels and shepherds. They are better than in books."

Joe just sat there, not knowing when Mike left. The room was swimming around him, fireplace and all.

The door opened again. This time it was Miss Pink. Joe put one brown hand to his mouth, bit hard on the side of his thumb.

Miss Pink didn't say anything for a long time. If he hadn't been biting his thumb so hard, he would have screamed. Would she ever speak to him again?

Finally she said: "It's so beautiful, Joe." Her voice usually sounded brisk and busy. Now it was soft. Joe turned a little, peeped at her. She was rubbing her hands over her eyes. He turned some more and she smiled.

Miss Pink's smile was still in her eyes when she said: "I guess it's the prettiest picture anyone ever made, Joe. Maybe I can put oiled paper over it, and press the colours there to stay."

"You want them to stay?" Joe whispered. "You're not mad? I didn't spoil it?"

For the first time since he had come to live in Miss Pink's house, she put her arms around him. "Spoil it?" she repeated. "Why, I bet no one in Oklahoma, in the whole country, has anything so pretty."

The flames from the fireplace shone on Miss Pink's face. Her eyes had a misty look as she murmured, "The shepherds. They're listening to the angels."

Joe squirmed a little. "I couldn't get the angels just right. You see I had four colours. Brown and purple and gold and blue. Maybe. . . ."

"They're wonderful angels," Miss Pink said. "I can even hear them singing."

Dear neighbours, this story was written by Mary M. Frye and I thought you might all enjoy it as much as I did.

Have a blessed Christmas.

Your Neighbour.

Gezegend Kerstfeest

en een

Gelukkig Nieuwjaar

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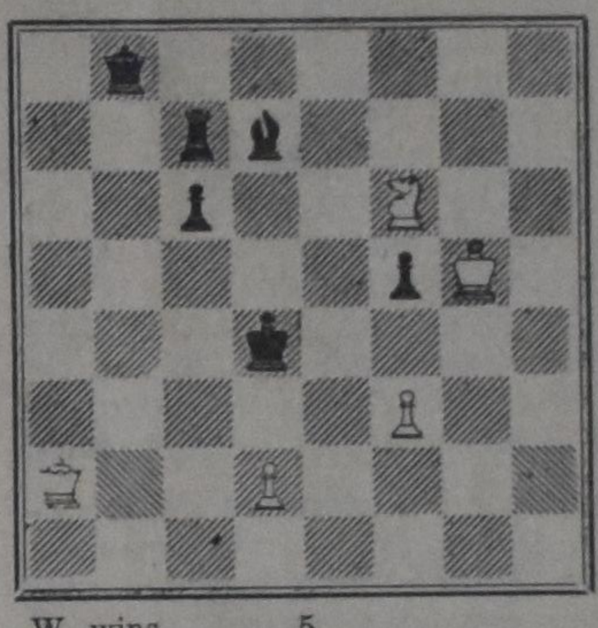
Let's Play Chess

Editor: Charlie Hess

FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT

This time I want to discuss one of the finest endings made by the famous composer A. A. Troitzky. The following study was published in a German chess paper, "Deutsche Schachzeitung" in 1913.

6



W wins 5

In order to win the ending White has to win the black Q first. Notice that the black lady is placed on the QN file and and on the 8th rank. Do you see any danger threatening her majesty and coming from those directions? The solution holds a surprise apparently. Let's see:

1. Q-R3!, thr. 2. QB3 mate. Less power from the start would not do. Back has only one satisfactory defence in 1. —, K-K4; 2. NxB ch, RxN; 3. Q-QB5 ch, R-Q4; 4. Q-K7 ch, (notice that the R is blocking black's Q4 square; this helps white to drive the black K to the QN file), K-Q5; 5. Q-K3 ch, K-B5; 6. Q-B3 ch, K-N4; 7 Q-N3 ch and wins the Q.

Also possible: 3. —, K-K3; 4. QxKBP ch, K-K2; 5. Q-B6 ch, K-K1; 6. Q-KR8 ch and wins the Queen, in this case along the rank!

DUTCH

1. Da3, dr. 2. Dc3 mat.

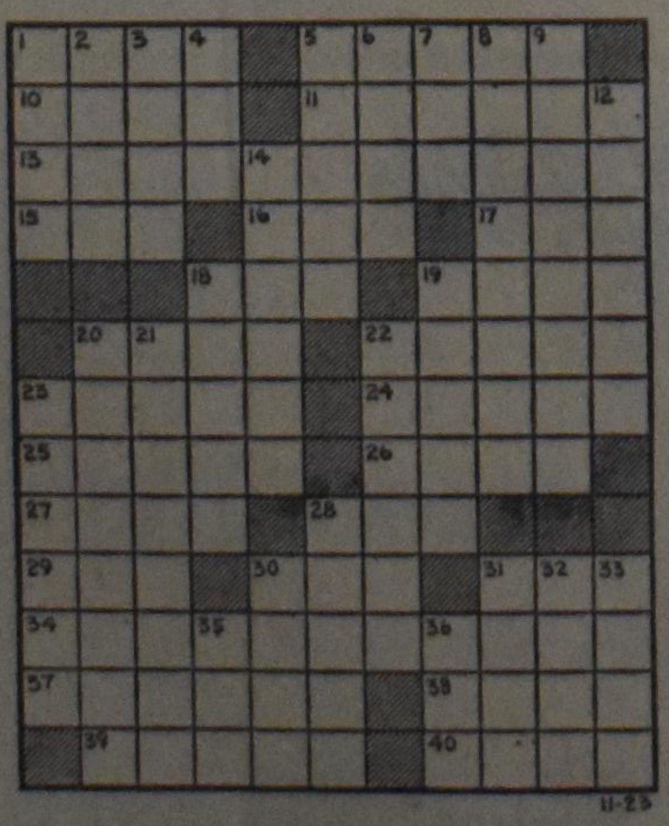
a. 1. —, Ke5; 2. Pd7: sch, Td7:; 3. Dc5 sch, Td5; 4. De7 sch, Kd4; 5. De3 sch, Kc4; 6. Dc3 sah, Kb5; 7. Db3 sch en wint.

b. 3. —, Ke6; 4. Df5: sch, Ke7; 5. Df6 sch, Ke8; 6. Dh8 sch en wint.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Water pitcher
5. Obfuscate
10. Peace symbol
11. Laundress, for example
13. Military formation (2 wds.)
15. Longing
16. All —— up
17. "El ——" (Heston movie)
18. Ungentlemanly guy
19. South African town
20. Dawn
22. Grudge
23. Wandered
24. Assembly of 13 witches
25. The opposition
26. Regretted
27. Solicitude
28. Obtain
29. Written letter
30. Bikini part
31. Obese
34. Gain an advantage (3 wds.)
37. Beset
38. Withered
39. Packing case
40. Observed

DOWN
1. Small whirlpool
2. Had on
3. Uniform
4. Matter (law)
5. Two-footed animal
6. Quod —— demonstrandum
7. Click beetle
8. Indolent
9. Interposed
12. Blush
14. Sterne's "Tristram ——"
18. —— de cacao
19. Declaim
20. Monkish
21. Supervisor
22. Squeal
23. Hidden place
28. Sort
30. Fruit decay
31. On the house
32. Land measure
33. At that point
35. Moslem ruler
36. Obstinate person



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IN ZIJN ARM DE LAMMEREN

Dit verhaal, dat in zeker opzicht allegorisch is, verplaatst ons op een der Zeeuwse eilanden in de twintiger jaren, en vergunt ons een blik in het hart en leven van een kind. Het doet ons denken aan een bloemknop die zich langzaam en gestadig ontplooit om tot volle bloei te komen; doch het weent niet "om bloemen, in den knop gebroken, en voor den uchtend van haar bloei vergaan."

Door
CORNELIUS LAMBREGTSE
(Auteursrecht voorbehouden)

(20)

Fransje heeft van de algemene bedrijvigheid gebruik gemaakt om beslag op de varkensblaas te leggen. Hij houdt het grote ding tegen zijn buik en drukt het op en neer om het gekrakel van het droge vel te horen.

Vader is ondertussen begonnen met het schillen van de aardappelen. Telkens als hij er een klaar heeft, laat hij hem in het emmertje naast zich plonzen. Hij zit gemakkelijk in zijn zekelstoel, met de aardappelpan op zijn schoot. Ondertussen rookt hij zijn pijp, en hij heeft zijn hoed op. Hij praat over het werk dat hij vandaag op de boerderij gedaan heeft. Er heerst gezelligheid in den uze. Moeder loopt heen en weer en bergt de vaat die Maria gewassen en Wantje afgedroogd heeft in de spinne. Arjaan en Eine zitten in een boek te lezen dat ze uit de bibliotheek geleend hebben, op het dorp, en Bram maakt zich gereed ergens heen te gaan.

Niettegenstaande de uitwendige gemoedelijke atmosfeer die er heerst, verkeren de gemoederen van de drie jongste leden van het gezin in een geweldige spanning. Geen van drieën heeft het onderwerp koenkelpot direkt onder Vaders aandacht gebracht, en dus houdt hij zich of hij nergens erg in heeft. De kinderen zien niet de ondeugende lach in zijn neergeslagen ogen. Maar als de vaat aan de kant en de vloer geveegd is, en Moeder en Maria rustig gaan zitten breien, trekt Kees de stoute schoenen aan en gaat naast Vader staan. Hij zegt: Vader, a-je bedièmend klaer bint mie de petaten te schellen, maek je dan asjeblief een koenkelpot voe me?

Fransje houdt de blaas nu heel stil en kijkt met gespannen aandacht naar Vaders gezicht. Maar deze schilt eerst de aardappel in zijn hand klaar, laat die in het emmertje plonzen, en zegt dan: Dat dienk ik wè. Ei-je voe rietjes ezurgd? Bij wijze van antwoord rent Kees naar het achterhuis en komt met de rietstengels en enkele jampotjes in zijn armen terug.

Fransje gaat nu heel dicht bij Vader staan. Hij verzamelt al zijn moed om thans zijn verzoek te doen. Als hij er aan begint, maakt hij het meteen tweedelig en vraagt gejaagd: Vader, maek j'er voe mien ok ièn, en mag ik mergen dan ok mee mie de guust gaen koenkelen? Hij begrijpt niet waar hij de moed vandaan gehaald heeft, maar hij is blij het er uitgebracht te hebben. Hij wacht in de grootste spanning wat het bescheid zal zijn. Moeder en Maria laten onwillekeurig even hun breinaalden rusten en kijken eveneens naar Vader.

Vader antwoordt: Zeker, jie krieg ok een koenkelpot, oor. Mae ik dienke da-je zô moe za worren a-je zô'n ende mie d'are guust langs de deuren gae lôpen.

Fransje kan zijn oren niet geloven. Vader heeft zijn verzoek niet ronduitgeweigerd. Nu hangt het van hem af, of het uiteindelijk ingewilligd zal worden. Hij schudt heftig zijn hoofd heen en weer, en verzekert Vader dat hij helemaal niet moe zal worden. Hij kan heel hart lopen, en hij kan ook het vers al zingen, hoor maar. Hij brengt zijn armen in de voorgeschreven houding en begint te zingen. Maar door zijn overbereidvaardigheid en angstvalligheid om het pleit te winnen, wordt hij het slachtoffer van een typisch menselijk verschijnsel door de klinkers in het woord koenkelpot te verwisselen, en dus komt de eerste regel er uit als: 'k Heb zo lang met de konkelpoet gelopen . . . . Verder komt hij niet, want er breekt een daverend gelach rond hem los. Zelfs Vader kan het niet helpen dat hij eveneens hardop in de lach schiet, ook al heeft hij meteen medelijden met het onthutste, vuurrode gezicht van het kleine kereltje naast hem. Fransje beseft echter niet waarom er zo gelachen wordt, en besluit dat ze hem aan het uitlachen zijn, iets, waar hij een vreselijke hekel aan heeft. Hij vreest al dat nu zijn kansen verkeken zijn. Maar bijdehandje Wantje helpt hem uit de droom en zegt: Jie zei "konkelpoet en je mô "koenkelpot" zaen!

Dit grappige voorval geeft echter de doorslag, want Vader zegt: A 't mergen moai weertje is, dan mag jie ok mie d'are guust mee!

Fransje gemoedsstemmiing slaat nu meteen over naar het uitbundige. Hij danst heen en weer door den uze, en gooit van loutere vreugde de varkensblaas tegen de zoldering.

De volgende morgen zijn de kinderen al voor dag en dauw op. Vader en de grote jongens zijn nog niet eens naar hun werk, en zitten bij de tafel te eten. Ze kijken verstoord op als Kees en Fransje den uze in komen en veel te veel lawaai schoppen naar hun zin. Wantje, die ook al lang wakker ligt, tuimelt nu ook uit de bedstee, en alle drie lopen ze naar de schouwe waar hun koenkelpotten vannacht hebben staan wachten.

Gae nog een steutje nae je nist! gromt Bram korzelig en met dikke slaap ogen. Ik wou à ik zô laank op baede kan bluven liggen, dan zou ik et wè weten!

Vader stuurt hen echter niet terug, maar waarschuwt: Nog nie mie die diengers gaen liggen rammelen oor! Je moeder lig nog te slaepen.

Maar Moeder komt net uit haar bedstee. Ze heeft een kleine slaapmuts op. Haar donkere haar hangt er in een lange dikke krul vanonder uit op haar rug. Ze draagt geen nachtpon, zoals Maria, maar een zwarte rok en een zwart jak. Goeienmorgen, zegt ze. Fransje rent op haar toe met zijn koenkelpot in zijn uitgestoken handen. Maar Moeder pakt hem niet op. Ze gaat eerst op haar knieën bij de stoel zitten, vouwt haar handen, en buigt haar hoofd. Haar blote voeten steken wit vanonder haar lange rokken uit. Het is heel stil in den uze. Alleen de waterketel staat te zingen op het gat van de sleekachel, en je kunt het tikken van de hangklok horen.

Daar Vader, Bram, en Eine klaar zijn met eten, danken zij zacht voor zichzelf, en zijn gelijk met Moeder klaar. Vader zet zijn hoed op en staat op. Hij kijkt Fransje aan en zegt:

't Zà moai weertje worren vandaege, dienk ik. Zû je een brave jongen wezen, en netjes dankje tegen de mensen zaen as ze je wat geven? Kû-je je vaesje nog, en kû-je nog koenkelen?

Fransje knikt overmoedig van ja, en bedoelt dat als antwoord op Vaders viervoudige vraag. Maar op de laatste twee vragen kan hij een veel overtuigender bewijs leveren. Meteen spuwt hij overvloedig in zijn rechterhand. Hij kan inderdaad geluid uit de rommelpot krijgen, maar hij heeft moeite met het rhythme, en dus vallen zijn dunne oempa's niet gelijk met de woorden van het lied. Wantje ziet zich genoodzaakt hem daar dadelijk opmerkzaam op te maken, en doet het hem langzaam en nadrukkelijk voor.

Noe mô-je 't alemaele es gelieke doen, raadt Eine aan, en weldra is de kamer gevuld met een oorverdovend lawaai.

Als het lied uit is, vertrekken Vader en de jongens. Moeder heeft zich ondertussen aangekleed. Maria is ook opgestaan, en alleen Arjaan ligt nog te slapen op de zolder.

(Wordt vervolgd)

Deze roman zal binnenkort in boekvorm verschijnen bij Uitgeverij T. Wever in Franeker.

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren
En zingen met elkaar
Dat Jezus is geboren,
We doen dat ieder jaar.

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren
En gaan weer naar de Kerk,
We horen dan van Jezus
En van het heilrijk werk.

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren
Met cake en met wat wijn.
En krijgen ook cadeautjes,
Het zal gezellig zijn.

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren
En 't verhaal — dat ken ik wel,
Maar weet ik de verhouding nu,
Van Arabs en van Israel?

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren
De turkey is al in de pan,
Maar weet ik hoeveel kind'ren sterven
Op Kerst in Pakistan?

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren
We weten hoe het ging, wie kwam,
Maar weet ik ook de feiten
En d' ellende in Viet-Nam?

We gaan weer Kerstfeest vieren
Het is zo'n grote schat,
Maar weet ik, wat er gaande is
Vlak bij me, in de stad?
— — — — — — — — —

Zal God eens tot me zeggen:
"'K zag je op mijn geboortefeest,
Weet je nog, je was juist even
Bij nood-behoeftigen geweest."

Kerstfeest 1971. john van ast

DE LICHTEN VAN DE EERSTE GEILLUMINEERDE KERSTBOOM IN CANADA werden aangestoken door generaal Adolph von Riedesel op Kerstdag van het jaar 1781. De boom voor de "Gouvernor's Cottage" is daar door de Trans-Canada Alliance of German Canadians en de City of Sorel, Quebec, geplant als een stralende herinnering aan dit historisch feit.

(Foto welwillend afgestaan door Karl H. Scheede.)

DE EERSTE KERSTBOOM IN CANADA

(Canadian Scene) — "In dit huis werd op 25 december 1781 in Duitse traditie door Generaal van Riedesel een Kerstboom ontstoken, die als de eerste Kerstboom in Canada is opgetekend."

Een gedenkplaat met deze woorden in de Franse, Engelse en Duitse taal is in de muur van een woning in Sorel in Quebec ingemetseld, n.l. het huis waar Generaal von Riedesel met zijn gezin heeft gewoond. Von Riedesel was in Duitsland geboren en had de leiding over een van de Hannoveraanse regimenten, die op het Britse verzoek om hulp door de Duitse Graaf Von Brunswijk naar Canada waren gezonden om bijstand te verlenen tijdens de Amerikaanse Revolutie. Terwijl de revolutionaire legers naar het Noorden trokken om Lower Canada (Quebec) te veroveren werden hun provianderingen per boot de Richelieu rivier opgevoerd, by Sorel (40 mijl stroomafwaarts van Montreal verwijderd) de St. Lawrence ingevaren, waarna een goed geslaagde aanval kon worden voorbereid en Montreal en St. John's veroverd. Daarna werd de stad Quebec opnieuw door de vijand gebombardeerd, voor de tweede maal in zestien jaar. In mei 1776 kondigde zwaar kanongebulder de komst van de Britse vloot aan en dank zij de macht van de Britse marine werd Quebec gelukkig nogmaals bevrijd. Voor 1777 was er door het Britse hoofdkwartier een grote driehoofdige campagne voorbereid om de staat New York te bezetten en Nieuw Engeland, de voedingsbodem voor de opstand, van de rest van de kolonies af te snijden.

Generaal John Burgoyne had opdracht gekregen om over Lake Champlain het gebied binnen te trekken. Hoe verder hij echter het vijandelijke gebied binnentrok, hoe meer mensen zich bij het Amerikaanse hoofdkwartier aanmeldden om de Britten tegen te staan. Bij Saratoga werd Burgoyne gedwongen zich over te geven en Von Riedesel werd krijgsgevangen genomen. Pas in 1781 werd hij vrijgelaten in ruil voor een Amerikaanse generaal.

Sir Frederick Haldimand, een Zwitser, die zich in 1756 bij het Britse leger had aangesloten, gaf de Duitse officier onmiddellijk het bevel over alle troepen van Sorel (waar hij het centrale militaire hoofdkwartier had gevestigd) tot Montreal. Een paar dagen voor Kerstmis in het jaar 1781 betrok Von Riedesel met zijn gezin het huis in Sorel, dat daar op last van Gouverneur Haldimand voor hem in orde was gemaakt.

De buren en Britse officieren, die waren uitgenodigd om met de familie Von Riedesel Kerstmis te komen vieren, waren aangenaam verrast, toen zij daar voor het eerst van hun leven een verlichte kerstboom aantroffen.

De brieven en memoires van Barones Friederike Charlotte Louise Von Riedesel, die in 1801 als **Berufs-Reise nach America** werden uitgegeven in Berlijn en later in een Engelse vertaling in New York, vormen een van de eerste bronnen over Canada in de Duitse taal.

Over haar eerste Kerstmis in Canada schrijft Mevrouw Von Riedesel dat zij op de vragende blikken van jong en oud uitlegde: "Kijk naar deze voortdurend groen blijvende denneboom. Hij vormt het symbool van eeuwige jeugd en tevens van God's eeuwigheid; verlicht met kaarsen vertegenwoordigt hij het licht van de hoop en van God's glorie; versierd met noten, appels en koekjes wil hij de mensen vertellen dat God voedsel heeft voor iedereen en vreugde voor de kinderen. . . ."

De gewoonte om Kerstbomen te verlichten spreidde zich snel doordat duizenden Duitse soldaten met meisjes in Quebec trouwden en zich in Canada vestigden. In de kranten die in 1850 in Montreal verschenen kan men lezen dat het gebruik van kerstbomen over het gehele land populair geworden was. Met uitzondering van Duitsland was dit eerder dan in enig ander land.

Toen op 10 december 1966 tijdens een speciale plechtigheid in het **Chateau des Gouverneurs** een historische gedenksteen werd onthuld als eerste centennial project van de Trans-Alliance of German Canadians, werd de volgende verklaring ontvangen van een afstammeling van de "Christmas Tree General", Fritz Riedesel, Baron van Eisenbach en Veldmaarschalk van Hesse: ". . . in deze moeilijke periode van internationale spanning is het bijzonder bemoedigend te zien dat Canada zich dit vriendelijke symbool herinnert. Laten we hopen dat het licht van de kerstboom het licht van de vrede zal ontsteken in het hart van alle mensen en dat er spoedig een durende vrede zal mogen zijn in de wereld."

Garlic is goed voor U

Garlic is een natuurlijk antiseptisch geneesmiddel hetwelk de bloesdomloop vrijhoudt van onzuiverheden en voorkomt of vernietigt ontbindings-bacillen.

Adams Garlic Pearles bevat de essentiële Garlic olie, die voor vele jaren medisch is gebruikt. Gedurende eeuwen hebben mijoenen mensen Garlic gebruikt als een gezondheids-middel, vertrouwend in de genezende en versterkende werking. Help uzelf sterk en gezond te voelen. Kook een pakje Adams Garlic Pearles vandaag bij uw drogist. Het kan u beter doen voelen, gezonder en met minder verkoudheden. Zij zijn reuk- en smaakloos in capsule vorm.

GEZEGEND KERSTFEEST

en een

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KERSTFEEST . . . U?

Het is al vaak gezegd en geschreven dat de wereld, waarin wij leven in zulk een scherpe tegenstelling staat tot de boodschap van Kerstfeest. Wij zouden dit stellig niet willen ontkennen. De oorlogen en de spanningen in de wereld en in de maatschappij, zelfs in de kerk en in de gezinnen, zijn inderdaad wel erg ver verwijderd van de boodschap van de engel inzake vrede op aarde.

Stel u voor, dat de engel van God, die zo'n twee duizend jaar geleden aan de herders verscheen, terug zou keren en zou lezen wat wij schreven en horen wat wij bespraken, zou hij niet verbaasd zijn dat wij vaak blijkbaar één bijzonder aspect van zijn boodschap over het hoofd zien? "Wees niet bevreesd," zei hij, "want zie, ik verkondig u grote blijdschap, die heel het volk ten deel zal vallen: U is heden de Heiland geboren, namelijk Christus, de Here, in de stad van David."

Zeker, de engel reikte ver met zijn boodschap: "heel het volk" zou de blijdschap ten deel vallen, maar hij maakte het niettemin zeer persoonlijk: U is heden de Heiland geboren.

Wij kunnen lang met elkaar praten over de invloed die Kerstfeest maakte en nog steeds maakt op de wereldgeschiedenis en wij kunnen erg ware dingen zeggen. Wij kunnen klagen over de verzakelijking van het feest. Wij kunnen Kerstavonden organiseren voor de jeugd en wij kunnen deelnemen aan het zingen van kerstliederen in de straten en parken van onze stad. En dan kunnen wij toch voorbijgaan aan dat persoonlijke: U is heden een Heiland geboren.

Het is een ontzettende gedachte dat God in onze menselijke samenleving gekomen is door Zijn Zoon te zenden, maar het pakt me eigenlijk alleen maar aan, wanneer ik God hoor zeggen tegen me: U is heden de Heiland geboren. Mij? Ja, zegt de Here, Hij is UW Zaligmaker. En het feit, dat Hij mijn Zaligmaker is, is zoals de engel het aan de herders zei, de "grote blijdschap, die al het volk ten deel zal vallen."

Als je daar goed bij nadenkt, is het haast ongelovelijk. Het maakt niet de minste indruk op me, als ik Jezus niet als mijn Zaligmaker ken, maar als ik Hem ken als zodanig, dan kan ik eenvoudig de woorden niet vinden om mijn gevoelens uit te drukken. Hij is niet alleen geboren tot behoud van de schepping, maar Hij is MIJ geboren!

Ach, U mag dit wel pietistisch noemen als U dit wilt, maar als ik terugdenk aan de Kerstgeschiedenis, dan kan ik het nog steeds de engel horen zeggen: Hij is U geboren. En toen de engel dit aankondigde was er dadelijk een schare van andere engelen, die het jubelend uitriep: Ere zij God in de Hoge!

D.F.

O, RIJKE, HEILIGE NACHT!

O nacht, die wereld-wijd omstraalt
een mensendom, dat in 't zoeken faalt,
wijl 't — onverschillig of verwaand —
zich zèlf een weg door 't duister baant.

Toon, vóór uw licht voor goed zich dooft,
hun toch hun Heiland, hooggeloofd.
Herinner hen Gods liefdestem
in 't wond're lied van Bethlehem!

Toon, wie nog dwalen, 't held're Licht,
dat afstraalt van Gods Aangezicht.
Doordringt hun hart, dat heim'lijk smacht
naar ware vrede, moed en kracht.
O, rijke, heil'ge nacht!

G. H. Hormann Sr.

RICHTING EDEN

Woord, dat mens geworden is,
vreemd en blij geheimenis,
leer mij spelen bij het licht
van God's vaderlijk gezicht —
kom, onthul mij, dat ook nu
heel dit leven drijft op U,
dat ik enkel wijsheid vindt,
waar Uw stem spreekt in de wind —
toon mij, dat geen ding te klein
is voor mijn aandachtig-zijn,
door Uw tederheid geraakt
liefde bent U, liefde bracht
werd ik weer een mens gemaakt —
U, God met ons in de nacht,
en wie U verwelkomd heeft,
krijgt een hart, dat eeuwig leeft —

— — — — — — — — — — —

luister naar mij, zelfs wanneer
ik door twijfel word verteerd,
hebt U niet vóór mij gezien
elk waarom en elk misschien? —
door de pijn van ons bestaan
bent U vorstelijk gegaan . . .
Broeder, als ik machteloos schrei,
aan Uw trouw herinner mij —
dan, opnieuw, vang ik het licht
van God's vriendelijk gezicht
en wéet: eens zal de woestijn
weer een feest van bloesem zijn —

— — — — — — — — — — —

Woord, dat mens geworden is,
hoop, die onze vrede is,
breng mij, waar Uw Eden is.

Edmonton, Kerstmis 1971 — *Tini Van Ameyde*

ONTARIO
PROVINCE OF OPPORTUNITY

Government Information

$25 Miljoen Ontario Programma klaar voor Werkverruiming

Het gouvernement van de Provincie Ontario verstrekte inlichtingen over een 25 miljoen provinciaal-gemeentelijk werk motiverend programma om deze winter werkgelegenheid te verschaffen "en mensen van sociale bijstand af te krijgen".

Het programma is afgestemd om plaatselijke autoriteiten vrij te laten tot grotere buigzaamheid en ruimte voor eigen inzicht van arbeids-intensieve werkprojecten.

Het uitgebreide programma van dit jaar bestaat uit:

— Algemene goedkeuring van ieder soort gemeentelijk werk, handenarbeid of geen handenarbeid, dat werk verschaft voor werklozen en "welfare" mensen. Plaatselijke autoriteiten kunnen dus een ruime verscheidenheid van ontwerpen ondernemen.

— Met inbegrip van plaatselijke besturen en commissies tezamen met gemeenten en Indiaanse stammen.

— Onmiddellijk aanvangende toewijzing van fondsen rechtstreeks aan iedere gemeente. Dit zal ⅔ van de 25 miljoen bedragen.

— Elke gemeente is verplicht om het Departement van Gemeentelijke zaken in te lichten niet later dan 31 december over de ontwerpen, waaraan het van plan is geheel of gedeeltelijk zijn aanvankelijke toewijzing te besteden.

— Vooruitbetalingen tot 50% van de geschatte kosten van de aangekondigde ontwerpen zullen dan automatisch worden afgehandeld. De balans zal worden uitbetaald wanneer de laatste vorderingen zijn overgelegd.

Aanvankelijke toewijzingen worden gebaseerd op het aantal "welfare" gevallen in iedere gemeente, en het oogmerk van het gouvernement is het geld te besteden daar waar de behoefte het grootst is om deze winter werk te creëren. Geen enkele gemeente zal minder ontvangen dan het verwierf onder het programma van verleden jaar.

De provincie zal de gemeenten vergoeden voor de werkkosten en sociale bijslag voor die personen die vlak voor het programma werkloos waren. Zekere andere onkosten — zoals materiaal en toezicht — zal gedekt worden — tot een maximum van 25% tot 31 maart 1972 en 12% tot 31 mei wanneer het programma zal worden beeindigd. Dit is om de plaatselijke autoriteiten aan te moedigen het werk te voltooien gedurende het hoogtepunt van de wintermaanden. Plaatselijke autoriteiten zullen de geldende lonen in hun gemeenten betalen. De fondsen van verleden jaar werden eerst toegewezen aan overkoepelende gemeenten (de county of een regional of metropolitan bestuur) voor verdeling aan de onderliggende gemeenten indien de fondsen niet werden opgebruikt. Dit jaar heeft de regering zich voorgenomen de fondsen rechtstreeks aan iedere gemeente toe te wijzen om iedere mogelijke vertraging in het aanvangen van werkprojecten te voorkomen.

THE HON. WILLIAM G. DAVIS
Prime Minister of Ontario

Aankondiging van een nieuwe genezende stof: Slinkt Aambeien

Exclusieve genezende stof heeft bewezen dat het aambeien slinkt en beschadigd weefsel heelt.

Een vermaard onderzoekinstituut heeft een unieke genezende stof ontdekt met de eigenschap om aambeien pijnloos te doen slinken.

Het verlicht het jeuken en ongemak in minuten en versnelt het genezen van het beschadigde en ontstoken weefsel.

In geval op geval, terwijl het zachtjes de pijn verlicht, vond feitelijk vermindering (slinking) plaats.

Het meest belangrijke van alles — de resultaten waren zo grondig dat deze verbetering over een periode van vele maanden bleef gehandhaafd.

Dit werd bereikt met een nieuwe genezende stof (Bio-Dyne) dat snel beschadigde cellen helpt genezen en de groei van nieuw weefsel bevordert.

Thans wordt Bio-Dyne aangeboden in zalf en zetpil vorm genaamd Preparation H. Vraag er naar bij alle apotheken. Voldoening of U krijgt Uw geld terug.

(Adv.)

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Edmonton 6, Alberta.

BOOKREVIEW

The Story of Christmas

by Dewey Westra;

Grand Rapids, Paris Press, 1971; 37 pp.; Price $1.00.

Reviewed by Cor W. Barendrecht.

The Story of Christmas is an attractive booklet of poetry on the Christmas theme. The poems are adaptations from a series of poems entitled *Het Kind*, by Dutch poet Dingeman Van der Stoep, published in The Netherlands by Bosch & Keuning N.V., Baarn.

Not until I had read the booklet on its own merits did I realize that the poems could be used as a unity of poems for a Sunday School program. In fact, when I read the first poem in the book, it dawned on me that I had heard the series recited by children of the Maranatha Church of The Hague, now replaced by the Triumphatorkerk. The program, if I remember correctly, began in the Dutch with:

Steek nu de rode kaarsjes aan
En laat de kinderen bij mij staan
Opdat ik hen vertel van 't Kind
Dat Jezus heet en mensen mint.

Mr. Westra's English paraphrase runs about as smoothly as the original and retains the rhythm of the poem:

Go light the candles one two three
And bring the children close to me
Then I'll again enlighten them
About that Babe of Bethlehem
Named Jesus, Savior of all men
Who'll be like little folk again.

The translator of poetry from a different language is aware of the problems involved. Something usually has to give, whether that be rhyme, content, or rhythm. Mr. Westra's merit is that he has retained both rhyme and rhythm, and hasn't lost much in content. The poems read well, even if one has never seen the original text as a basis for comparison.

Barely did I get through reading the booklet in between other chores, or the author called to inform me that of the first printing released only a week ago, very few books are left, and that he is considering a second printing. The reception of the work indicates that there has been a need for a booklet such as this one. Not too much poetry on the Christmas theme has appeared recently that is worthwhile reciting for general audiences. This booklet breaks the trend.

Beside the poems on the historical themes, such as "Christmas Eve," Joseph the Carpenter," "The Night at Bethlehem," "The Angels Rejoice," "The Magi Three," there is also a series of response-poems as seen through the personage of Mary, the mother of Christ, and of the narrator of the story, as in "The Book."

I don't know if some of the poems were sung in the original; in the version before us, there are, however, several poems which are songs that can easily be sung to familiar tunes. One such fresh and striking song is toward the end of the book and is entitled, "Well, So Long and See You Later."

Well! So long and see you later!
That's how many part these days
With a wholesome, smiling grace
And a wave towards Pat and Pater.

Friend, what are you apt to say
When you met this Babe today
Who's your God and your Creator,
Christ, the Lord, your Mediator?

Will you leave in doubting mood,
Irked to have his birth intrude,
With a heartless: See you later?

Come, you children of the earth,
Come, and hail His blessed birth,
Hail the world's great Liberator!

All who come with love and fear
Hear Him say and then it's dear:
Child, so long, I'll see you later!

This Christmas, our family won't be without anything worthwhile to read aloud. I'm sure the booklet will find its way to many homes, schools, and churches, as well.

Our
Best Wishes
for a
Blessed Christmas
and a
Prosperous New Year

FAMILY CHRISTIAN BOOKSTORE

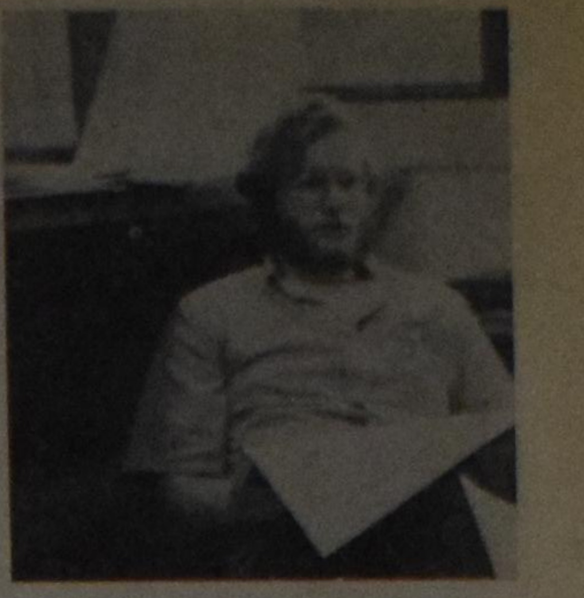
Gerald Denbok and Staff

468 Brant St., Burlington, Ontario

The Adoration of the Kings

by Robert D. Swets

standing alone in the snow, a white doll
like a man made of snow, in-
toxicated with the reflection of the sun on
the white hair of the dogs and the wide wings
of birds swinging into air over earth
in gentle motion, equal, synonymous, continual.
there are a variety of children
who every year stand in the snow waiting
for some mysterious miracle to
occur, each a little afraid of the
gigantic white whole and at the same time
totally at home amid the shower
of pieces of wings of stars drifting in
waves through the sky. all children are wise men,
within certain prescribed limits, each wise
man is a reason for this child's birth.



* Robert D. Swets is the literary editor of the Calvin College *Chimes*, and one of the most prolific Christian poets of Western Michigan. In "the adoration of the kings" the poet sees a king in each child; a king waiting in anticipation mixed with awe for the coming of the King of kings. The festive surroundings, the snowflakes which like "pieces of wings of stars" come to add luster to the event, and the "wide wings of birds swinging" evoke a sense of mystery and serve to emphasize the supernatural; Heavens are opening to make room for the miracle of Christ's birth as a human being.

Christmas Season

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

William Shakespeare
(From "Hamlet")

Young Writers

Send manuscripts to
the Literary Editor,
Calvinist-Contact,
P.O. Box 1269,
Grand Rapids,
Mich. 49501, U.S.A.

The Cheerful Christianity of Robert Jensen

"Have you tried to read the Bible?"
"No, but I've heard a lot about it!"

This bit of dialogue between two cartoon characters drawn by Robert Jensen could be autobiographical. Jensen had heard so much about it that he went through college as an atheist, entered the Air Force as a staff artist proud of his dog tag "Y", for "no religion", and was on his way to return to civilian life as anything but a Christian.

Then came the end of his term of service, and the beginning of a struggle to establish himself as a cartoonist.

One day he reluctantly accepted a corny gospel tract handed out by an oddball in the street. When he came home and found the pamphlet still in his pocket, Jensen casually began to read. There was a reference to Ephesians 2:8, 9 and curious about what it had to say about faith he checked the words.

"For it is by grace you are saved, through trusting Him; it is not of your own doing", the reference said.

The words were a slap in the face for someone who had renounced religion. Worse yet, the atheist caught himself trying to read the Bible. The corny tract was an instrument for him to experience the difference between reading and hearing a lot about the Bible. Now he enjoys both.

Today, Robert Jensen, who signs his work with "Robin" no longer publishes his cartoons in **Escapade**, **Gent**, and other men's magazines. He quit that market when he became a Christian. Jensen's major theme now is: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice!" The single word that stands out in all his work, whether that be a painting, a collage, a window shade in his dining room, a wood cut, or a cartoon drawing, is **Joy**.

Christianity to Robin is not a picture of a grim, humorless, dry, dull, unimaginative faith. "People usually don't associate humor with religion," he said to a Grand Rapids Press journalist. "But I think it's a real big part. Christianity is a joyful thing. If any person has the faith, he should be happy about it. I feel sorry for those who can't express this joy."

The Jensen before couldn't see much humor in Christianity either. But the Jensen after says, "Art is a very strong communicative force. And humor is a normal part of life."

"Humor seems to be based on man's pride, self-centredness and all the dumb things he does," laughs the artist, who after receiving his MFA degree went into teaching art and now is a professor in the Art Department at Calvin College. "It's easy to laugh at others, but it takes a creative, humorous person to laugh at himself. Christians, especially, are able to do this. They are the only people in the world to understand themselves."

Jensen addresses the young with his cartoon-type card tracts. The young move across the continent and take the joy of the Christian life with them at the rate of a quarter of a million copies each printing.

The Way magazine of which Jensen is the art editor and layout person is in such demand that the sponsoring organization, the Christian Reformed Laymen's League, was losing too much money and had to delegate the bills to the Chr. Reformed Board of Home Missions.

In 1970, Zondervan Publishing House released a booklet of Jensen's cartoons entitled "Church Idbits". On the back cover the artist says, "Church still bugs me, but I see humor in it and feel led to express through cartoons the phoney, self-centered, basic nature of all of us. This seems to be the basis of humor."

Calvinist-Contact is very happy to have obtained the permission from the publishers of the artist's first book, "Idbits" to use the cartoons in its pages.

More than anything else we are interested in receiving responses to the cartoons as they appear from week to week. If, on occasion, you may see yourself in one of these strange little characters, smile. Share your experiences with us. We like to hear from you.

If you don't like to write anything lengthy, write something very short, like the abbreviation C.R.B.H.M. and your signature on a check or money order. The gesture will help in evangelizing a growing mission field: North America.

We'll be happy to forward such tokens of appreciating the faith.

C.B.

★

Jesus' Birth

Jesus' birth was in a stable,
In a manger bed with hay,
That is what we celebrate,
On Christmas Day.

The shepherds in the fields at night,
Were frightened at a heavenly light,
It was an angel of the Lord come down,
To bring good tidings all around.

The wise men from the east had come,
To see the Baby King,
While gazing at the little child,
Sweet gifts were given him.

The little child grew and grew,
And when his work was done,
They crucified him, but he rose
And still does live today.

Wilma Duursma, 10

PREPARING THE MANUSCRIPT

Type (if possible) or write legibly, on 8½ x 11 inch paper. Double space; use only 1 side of numbered pages. State: Name, address, Title of work, school level or profession, and age, at right top of first page. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

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PULPIT AND PEW

PAGE OF INFORMATION ON CHURCH LIFE - FOR THE REFORMED COMMUNITY

EDITED BY REV. F. GUILLAUME

Born of the Virgin Mary

The virgin birth is important to the Church and to Christendom because it actually happened.

The mystery of the event is admittedly beyond our comprehension but Mary, too, was in a strange position: "How can this be, seeing I know not a man?"

To relegate this fact-miracle to the realm of mystery does not satisfy the minds of many today. They say that the facts are not scientifically acceptable. But to eminent scholars we must say, "Where is the problem?" It is certain that true scholarship must submit to the facts, to Biblical truths.

The critical mind is asking along with Mary, "How can this be?" The liberal does not believe in all the Scriptural miracles; he asks for rational and scientific explanations. But he then insists on the possibility of believing in Christ no matter which view he has adopted as to the manner of His entrance into this world.

Mary's concern was swept aside by the words of the angel Gabriel: "For with God nothing shall be impossible." To doubt the divine reality is to say that God can be limited as to His power, that with Him all things are not possible. It is to say that Jesus was born out of wedlock, that our Savior was an illegitimate child.

In Luke's account, three persons take part in the explanation of the divine event, Gabriel, Mary and the Holy Spirit. The clear answer to Mary's question is here: "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

To deny the virgin birth one must deny the Holy Spirit His rightful place in the Trinity. While admitting that the virgin birth is a mystery and that it goes against the known rules of science, in it we see the divine, sovereign power of God, of God in control of life and the universe, of God who cannot be controlled by the whims of man. We must echo the words of the angel: "For with God nothing shall be impossible." And the fact that Christ was born of the virgin Mary speaks of the action of the Holy Spirit.

Christmas would not be Christmas without the manger scene. There we see the child, the center of importance.

Will you come humbly yourself this Christmas, remembering that this child of the cradle later became the man of the cross, and is now the Lord of all?

(sections taken from an article written by James M. Rice in Presb. Journal)

SEARCHING AND FINDING

Luke 2:12a

Searching — that we do ourselves. But when the angel says, "You will f i n d a baby, lying in the manger," we are struck for words. That we cannot stand, getting something just for free.

Some students tried an experiment. They started distributing ten dollar bills in the street: "Here you are, who would like to take one along?" The people paused, but nobody wanted to accept anything. At last the students literally put the money in the hands of the passers-by, but the people gave them all back again. Finally one gentleman showed himself willing to take a ten dollar bill, but — he immediately went to the bank, to ask if it was genuine. . . .

This is also the difficulty of Christmas: because it is free, we don't trust it anymore. Something more must be meant than what just meets the ear. It hurts our decency to receive something just like that.

We soon change Christmas into a feast of giving — to be sure, all those gifts are fine and dandy, but could it be that exactly on Christmas we hide ourselves in giving because we are afraid of receiving?

Vestdijk wrote about the mercy of Christ: "I just refuse to get crushed by so much generosity". And Marsman was offended at the people's humility: "The believers all knelt like grain, only the man at the pillars remained standing." We would rather fight than kneel. Between the ideas in our brains and the solid earth there is too great a distance.

But if we have been touched by God's redeeming initiative, and if we have shaken off our fear for redemption, then we will kneel as wise men beside the shepherds.

This is possible because God, who as the Infinite has thrown his arm around our expanding universe, where the discoveries of endless science may advance restlessly, came down so deeply that next to the most clever scholar the smallest child can look over the edge of the manger.

Translation of 2 pages from "Een Witte Kerst" (A White Christmas) by Okke Jager.

CHRISTMAS
leaps over prison walls
pierces iron curtains
cuts through barbed wire
melts ice into living waters

CHRISTMAS
restores man to dignity
puts the key in the locked door of heaven
teaches true wisdom to the wise of the world.

ABIDE WITH ME

When I entered our canteen on that Christmas Eve, one of our young hostesses took me aside to a corner.

"Tonight we have a young fellow with us but we do not know what to do with him. Please, see if you can help."

Through the smoke which hung in the room, I saw a young seaman with black curly hair and half shut eyes. He was standing near a window and his fists were clenched hard, just as if they were holding something terrible which they could not let go.

A few minutes later I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, how are you making out?"

"Good evening, Sir." The voice sounded surprisingly friendly and polite; he glanced at me and then he turned his downcast eyes toward the window again.

"Like to play cards? I can introduce you easily enough."

"No thank you Sir."

"Like to smoke?"

"No thank you Sir."

"Feel like a cup of coffee and a few sandwiches?"

"No thank you Sir."

"You rather have me go away?" I asked, forcing myself to smile.

"No thank you Sir."

That's how it went, no matter what I said.

Yet I could not get myself to go away and leave him alone, lonely and desperate, with those clenched fists. A man who has been in the ministry as long as I have does not become discouraged soon.

After a while I tried it again.

"Are you an Englishman?"

"From Cornwall, Sir."

I had been in Cornwall in my youth. I talked about St. Ives, Falmouth, and Penzance. Yes Sir, he knew those places.

I gloried in the beauty of the rocky coast and the rock sculptures and other tourist attractions. Politely he shared my enthusiasm, but under no circumstances would he ever contribute one phrase to the conversation, neither would he relax his mighty tanned clenched firsts. Three or four times I had to excuse myself to welcome visitors, present prizes, or for other duties.

Every time I came back and tried to start another conversation. But it always turned out to be another monologue, with the echo "Yes Sir", and "No, Sir."

As midnight approached, everybody filtered out of the room and we began to shut down for the night.

"Listen," I said, "you have to cope with a great difficulty, that is clear. I am not curious and I don't want to pry in your private life, but you do seem like a man who cannot sleep. Is that true?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That's because you cannot find any inner peace, of course. Often it helps a person if he says what is in his heart. Why don't you tell me what is worrying you?"

He did not relax; the glance he gave me was hopelessly impatient.

"Allright, I will tell you," he said with a sigh as he went to sit in a folding chair. With his fists on his knee he sat and looked at a small spot on the floor.

With a monotonous voice he began to tell: "I was raised up in Cornwall and my neighbour's daughter was called Jane. Her parents and mine were friends and we all liked each other very much. When the war broke out I went to sea. I experienced a lot in the South Pacific. One day I wrote Jane a letter and I asked her if she would marry me. She wrote back immediately, that she would gladly do that. And so we made plans. Finally I came back to Cornwall for a five-day leave — all for ourselves. We had a beautiful ceremony in the church we always went to. We were going to have high tea at Jane's house, and then we would spend the rest of our leave alone-with-the-two-of-us. But first I had to do something yet; one or two things had to be arranged and that is why I planned to present myself to the Admiral's office in the city. The best opportunity was right after the church service. Thus, I went to the office to present myself. Then I went back to Jane's house. But . . . , it was gone."

I heard my watch tick when he stopped and it was quiet in the room.

The seaman swallowed a lump and went on in a monotonous voice: "First I couldn't believe my eyes. There was only a hole in the ground. The enemy had been over. The house was gone, Jane was gone, her family and mine were gone — nothing was left of them.

I would have wanted to put my arm around him, but I knew that you couldn't do that. It is better not to touch a mortal wound. What could I say? There had to be something that you could say man to man in such a miserable situation. I could not think of what to say.

We just sat there, the two of us in the room and we stared both of us to the ground.

"Dear chap," I proposed, "would you like to go with me to my house? You can get my son's room, he is at sea. My wife will be glad to bring you breakfast in bed. Both of us will be glad to have you with us."

"No thank you, Sir."

I looked straight at him and I began to get desperate.

"If you want to I will take my minister's collar off. Let's go to one of the late shows. Perhaps that will give you some distraction."

"No thank you, Sir."

"My car is just outside, let us drive around and I will let you off by your ship. A ride in the night will help you go asleep."

"No thank you, Sir."

What was left for me to do? Only my faith. The only subject I had avoided the whole evening, afraid that he would not welcome it. We are so often ashamed about the best things we own.

"Did you ever have anything to do with the church?"

"Yes Sir. When I was a boy I sang in the choir."

"Do you remember any hymns?"

"Most of them, Sir."

"What was your favorite?'

"I think it is, "Lead, Kindly Light"."

"Would you be able to sing it now?"

He just looked motionless at the floor. Then he began to sing:

Lead, kindly light
Amid the encircling gloom . . .

His voice became stronger, deeper, full of new strength and with a feeling that only the music could express:

The night is dark
And I am far from home . . .

His eyes were now wide open. It seemed as if he was looking through the walls of the canteen through space and time to the choir benches somewhere in a church in Cornwall. When the hymn was finished, he asked, "Do you know: Abide With Me?"

"We'll both of us, sing it together."

Strangest of all duets!

My old trembling voice and his mighty young voice, both lifted up high in faith and praise:

When other helpers fail
And comforts flee,
Help of the helpless
O, abide with me. . . .

The hours sped on, but we did not notice that while we sang, the one beautiful old hymn after the other.

Finally the street outside began to get lighter and lighter. I looked at the seaman. His eyes were shining.

"Do you think you can sleep?"

"Yes, thank you, Sir."

Arm in arm we strolled outside in the early Christmas morning.

By Rev. J. R. Sizoo, New York, during his seamen's ministry.

HITHER and YON

This R.E.S.-item was published in the Trinity C.R.C. bulletin of St. Catharines:

REFORMED ECUMENICAL SYNOD AUSTRALIA 1972 WILL SPEND FULL DAY ON STUDY OF SCRIPTURE

Responding to the request of the Reformed Ecumenical Synod Amsterdam 1968, the RES Interim Committee has made arrangements that a full day will be spend at Sydney, Australia, in August 1972 to consider the nature and extend of the authority of Scripture.

To introduce central aspects of the topic, three speakers have been chosen, one from the Netherlands, one from South Africa and one from North-America. From among the delegates to the 1972 Synod, respondents to the three speakers will be chosen to give representation to the Presbyterian traditions and to allow voices from younger churches to be heard. After each lecture there will be time for discussion. The conference has been scheduled for the first week of meetings so that findings of the conference may function as input to the deliberations of the Synod on the days following. The following professors will lecture:

1. Scripture, Creation, and History by Prof. Dr. J. L. Koole (The Netherlands).
2. Scripture, Faith, and Science by Prof. Dr. Gordon Spykman (USA).
3. Scripture, Church, and Proclamation by Prof. Dr. J. A. Heyns (South Africa).

★

Prof. J. Faber described a teachers course in the bulletin of the Canadian Reformed Church of Burlington West, Ont.

SECOND YEAR TEACHERS COURSE

Now that we are all preparing ourselves for the work in the coming period, we are pleased to announce the second year of the teachers course, organized on behalf of the Ontario League of Can. Ref. School Societies and to be given by members of the faculty of our Theological College.

Rev. G. VanDooren, M.Th., will continue his lectures on the origin and contents of the Old Testament.

Prof. L. Selles goes on with the lectures about the cultural environment of the New Testament and is planning to come to a discussion of the gospels.

Yours truly will try to give a survey of the Church History from the time of the Reformation.

★

The Burdett, Alta. C.R.C. bulletin carried a fine report of the AA.C.S. Conference held in Sundre, Alta. I quote this part of it:

Since M. John Ludwig, a Candidate for one of the S.C. ridings in Edmonton, was also there we discussed the "Post Mortem" meeting of the Candidates with Premier Strom. The cry of despair was: "What shall we do 'now' as Christians?" It was pointed out how the S.C. party should undergo a radical restructuration of its principles in order to offer a unique and distinct platform. At the moment there is no real difference among the various parties except the NDP. It was emphasized that a political platform should be worked out by the Christian Community in the light of the Word of God on basic issues Justice & Economics. These results should be proposed to the S.C. If it is rejected Christians may have to organize themselves.

★

ON GIVING

The following notes are partly taken from statements found in the Whitby CRC bulletin. I reformulated them here and there in my own way.

— If you are still wavering between after shave and a tie for him, forget it; give him a subscription to "Calvinist-Contact".

— And if you cannot make up your mind between lingerie or a purse for her, why don't you give her some fine and pointed idea how together to stimulate the Young People's work?

— And if you do not know what to give your son and daughter: how about giving yourself, and from now on much more of your time.

— And if you don't know what to give the church, quit worrying, the church is not choosy, she needs faithful members and she even accepts money.

TRY IT!

No. 55

The first letters of 1 through 9 shows a happening in which a german stood in the center:

1. Emperor
2. Ruler of Galilee
3. Jesus Name in Micha
4. was deceived in his old age
5. follows salvation
6. place of worship
7. Lord
8. dignified, grand
9. heard angels singing

Solution No. 54: Nebo and Bel (Bloeben, Isa. 46:1)

You got to be their star, Peter!

(Continued from page 5)

the Christmas and summer holidays. So you became my whole world. And that's where I made my mistake. My great mistake . . ." Anne fell quiet.

"I don't see what you mean, mother," Peter said hoarsely and deeply touched. "What's wrong with loving me so much?"

Anne shook her head. "No, there's nothing wrong with my love for you . . . but I was wrong in applying it, though. Not at first. I took you out in your stroller, I took you shopping, to church, on visits, on holidays. I felt people staring at me and at you. I felt their pity, heard their whispers, their remarks . . . just like you. But I didn't care. I wasn't ashamed of you. I loved you. You were mine and that was all that counted. Their remarks and pity could not hurt me. They could not understand what a gift I had received. But then you became older. You had to go to school and you hated it. You've always been very sensitive, too sensitive and you could not cope — or thought you couldn't cope — with other children and school life. You became envious of their health and bodies, you felt an outcast on field days, you cried when someone called you names. And I felt sorry for you. I cuddled you. More and more I wanted to protect you. Instead of making a man out of you who dared to face the world, I subconsciously helped you to shy away from a normal school- and social life."

"When you complained that the school hours tired you, I let you stay home; when the temperature dropped and the first snow covered the ground I thought it wiser to keep you home in the warm house. Before long you stayed home most of the winter and since I had been a teacher it wasn't difficult to teach you at home with the books from school. You refused to go to high school and I didn't press you. You could take courses at home and so you did. You did quite well, too, and since you weren't interested in science and neither planned a vocation or career, you had no trouble picking courses which didn't require special aids. The schoolboard had no objection. Everybody understood your difficulty and took it for granted that home study was the most logical and sensible answer to your problems. But I should've known better . . . and perhaps I did, but I refused to review the situation."

"Of course the results were as could be expected: You had no social life, no friends, no outside entertainment. You even refused to make use of the prothesis which you got. They hurt you and didn't make you feel any more comfortable. 'My phonies', you called them, remember? Besides, for whom would you wear them? I argued against you, but finally I gave in and put them away. I was wrong, Peter, so terribly wrong."

Peter veered up. "But listen, mother, that's not true at all! I really . . ."

Anne raised her hand to stop him. "Let me continue," she said. "First I want to finish my story. Then we can talk . . . Especially during the past year I'd started to realize that you had become some type of hermit and I was to blame for it. What would happen to you if I would get ill some day or if I died? Who could look after you? Worse: How would you react being with strangers? Bert and Corrie wouldn't be able to care for you. These thoughts began to worry me tremendously. I sought for ways to change your kind of life, to draw you out of your seclusion, but whatever I suggested to bring you into more personal contact with the outside world, you refused flatly. You didn't need human company. You had your guitar, your music. That's what you said then. But it was a lie, Peter. And you know it. Inwardly you're craving for a normal life. You said so yourself this morning. But what you really want is to have a more social life handed down to you on a silver platter. You don't want to fight for it, to earn it. You don't have the courage . . ."

"Mother! How do you dare to say . . ."

"Don't interrupt me. It's still my turn to speak. I prayed for help, for direction. Then you got the request to have a record made of your songs. For me that was God's answer to my prayers. He was showing us the way. I was so happy . . . and you have been much happier, too, Peter, since that time. Don't you dare deny it. And therefore you have to go on. You can't stop now. . . ." Anne went to the desk and picked up the letter that came that morning. "You have to reconsider this, Peter. You just can't say NO at the spur of the moment."

This time Anne waited for his answer.

"Mother, you still don't understand," Peter said upset. "What they want of me is IMPOSSIBLE, do you hear? IMPOSSIBLE! Try to imagine what it means to play at that Festival. This is a Christmas Rock Festival, where great stars are coming. That hall in Toronto will be packed! Do you have any idea how many kids can be seated there? More than eight thousand! Can you picture me moving on crutches to that platform to perform for such a crowd? I, with my stumps and hunchback? Mother, it is crazy . . . completely crazy! Even if I were good enough to sing in that place — which I doubt, for I have never done it — but even then I couldn't play or sing one single note, because I would be too conscious of my own appearance and of the appalling impression I was making. Even if I would consent to go, it would be a total fiasco. You have to realize that."

Anne sighed and traced with the finger the pattern of the runner on the table. For several minutes she didn't speak. Finally she looked up.

"There's one question I have to ask you and I want you to be completely honest about it. You have to promise me that first." Her voice was serious.

"I'll be honest, mother."

". . . Peter, do you wish that you'd never been born . . . ?"

Sudden tears sprang to Peter's eyes. He pressed them back. "Why do you ask me this?", he said softly. "I've often asked that question myself. It's not an easy question to answer . . . It's beyond imagination to think away your own birth and existence, isn't it? But I've come to the conclusion that I would rather be than not to be, if I may quote Shakespeare for a part.

"And why? You have so many odds against you, as you said a while ago?"

"I've thought about that, too. That question isn't too difficult. Because of you, mother . . . and of God. At times I'm unhappy, depressed, defiant. But more often I'm happy and can accept my situation. I also know that one day I will have legs and a straight back like others. For me that is so closely connected with the New Earth . . . I guess that's why I made the song World Without End.. . ."

"There are other things, too. Compared to many others' I've still so much to be thankful for. There's so much hatred in this world. So much cruelty. To live in hate is so much worse than to live without legs. I could've had a mother who didn't care for me, who abandoned me, but instead I got you . . . I know how much you love me . . . I know, too, that God's love is still much greater . . ."

"This morning I flew off my handle. It was wrong. I'm sorry about that , mother. I shouldn't have exploded as I did. I shouldn't have said all those things which must have hurt you so much. That silly letter threw me completely off balance. I just wished you could see that . . ."

"Thank you, thank you for being so honest, Peter," Anne said, deeply moved. "It makes me so happy, and for me this answer solves the whole problem. You got to go to that Rock Festival, Peter. I'm convinced that this is God's will."

"Mother, please, mother, try to understand . . . I can't, honestly, I can't!"

"I understand that it will be very difficult, Peter, but that's no reason to refuse. Listen once more to me. There's something else I want to tell you . . . From the moment that we were expecting you, Dad and I prayed that you would be a healthy, normally developed child. We believed that God's power is stronger than a drug. I still believe that. Yet you were deformed. We could accept it, but we worried about you. How would you take it when you became older? We never asked God to give you an easy life, for we knew you weren't born for that. But our daily prayer for you was that God would keep you close to Him and would give you the strength and the courage to bear your cross . . . and that you would do this to His honour. God heard my other prayers. I'm convinced that He has heard these, too. God will help you when you go."

"But mother, why should I go? Just to get a bit more personally involved in the outside world as you called it? It couldn't be for the money . . ."

"No, certainly not for the money, though you'll be pleased to have earned it. And not for the other reason you mentioned either. Not in the first place anyhow, for it would be good if you could step out of your self-willed confinement. But you have to go for God's sake, Peter . . . That's the reason why you should go. God gave you a beautiful talent and you got to use it. Not for your own pleasure, but as a means to serve Him. Why do you think He gave it to you? God definitely had a purpose for it." Anne's voice was almost pleading when she went on and her eyes didn't leave Peter's face.

"Peter, do you realize that you have a message to bring and that those kids who come to the festival are in great need of that message? Do you realize that in spite of your deformity you are greatly privileged because you know Christ and you believe that He died for your sins and are saved? What do these young people know about Christ? Most likely not much more than the opera JESUS CHRIST SUPER STAR presents. They love those records, but what does it give them? Only a part of the story, a fraction of the truth! And part of the truth is no truth at all! Jesus wasn't just a meek man, misunderstood and buried! He is God's living Son who came to earth to save mankind. That is the story, that is the truth! But they don't know it . . . they don't know that this living Jesus came for them, too . . . to set them free of drugs, crime and sin, to fill their empty sex lives with real love and compassion. They don't know that Peter, and somebody has to tell them the whole truth and that one is you, son. You have the means to do it, God gave you a special talent for it. Don't bury your talent like the man in the parable did. That's what you have been doing, but that is wrong. You have to work with it for the Master . . . and when you do it will bear fruit, too."

Peter was rubbing his small, white hands. His eyes were dark and brooding, betrayed his uneasiness. "It's so difficult . . . I can't . . . I can't . . .", he moaned.

"No, alone you cannot do it, I agree. But with the help of Christ you can do everything. Christ gave His life for us. He was frightened also, terribly frightened. Yet He did it. His cross was so much heavier than yours. You can't even start comparing, Peter."

Peter did not answer. He rested his head in his hands, thinking, pondering, struggling.

"Forget your own self. Think about these boys and girls of your own generation who need Christ and don't know Him. Tell them about Him. It doesn't make any difference how you look, whether you are white or black, straight or crooked, with or without legs. God wants you to do this. And you have to do it. There's no way out. Jonah once tried to disobey God's orders, but he had to do just the same, be it reluctantly. Your name is Peter . . . Be a 'Peter' then, an after-Pentecost Peter, who thought it a privilege to endure hardship for his Lord.

Christmas is coming. This is a Christmas Rock Festival and these people don't even know what Christmas means. You've got to be their star, Peter . . ."

"Star?"

"Yes, a Christmas star like the Wise Men had. A star leading them to Christ."

Peter didn't answer. He sat there very quietly, almost numb. Tears fell on his hands. Anne felt a twinge of pain. She got up and laid her hands on his shoulder.

"Mother . . . mother . . . it is so difficult . . . I don't know if I can do it . . .", Peter sobbed.

"I know . . . I know, my child . . . but God will help you . . . and I will pray for you without ceasing . . ." She stroked his hair and kissed it lightly, like she used to do when he was still a child. Then she left the room.

★

Ten days later Peter wrote his letter of acceptance, conditioning that he wanted to play at the end of the evening and that no one was to know his full name and identity ahead of time.

"I don't want them to come because of me or stay away because of me," he had told Anne.

During the weeks that followed Peter hardly left his music room, except for sleeping and supper. Anne left him alone as much as he desired. She knew that he was composing new songs and once in a while she heard him sing and play fragments of it, but she didn't want to listen to it on purpose.

Daily she emptied his waste-paper basket, which was filled with used scrap paper. More than once she noticed that his light was still burning until far after midnight, but she didn't say anything about it. He lost weight, too, and although the dark circles around his eyes worried her at times, she didn't interfere with his schedule. She made sure that he ate enough to keep on going, but she realized too well that it would be foolish to force him to go to bed in time when his mind was too active and too excited to rest. She trusted that God would look after him physically, too.

★

The Hall was packed as Peter had predicted and the music and noise was deafening. Kids clapped their hands, beat time with their boots on the hard granite floor and shouted their approval of the rock band in a wild, unarticulate way, swinging their bodies and long hair in a constant rhythm.

Anne sat rather close to the front, flanked at both sides by teenagers who neither looked too clean, nor smelled it. She wasn't sure whether they were boys or girls. To her they all looked alike with their dark pullovers, flare jeans and shoulder-long hair. They even acted alike, Anne thought.

She felt completely out of place. She had always believed that the so-called generation gap was no more than a temporary crack in the understanding between parents and adolescents which could easily be cemented again. Now she wasn't so sure anymore. Because of Peter she had lived in a sheltered world, too. Strange that Peter had realized this better than she.

"Do you really want to come along, mother?", he had asked her a few days ago.

"Somebody has to drive you down and I thought it might as well be me," she had teased, "else I wouldn't dream of going!"

"You may not like it, mother. You're not used to this type of thing. You can't compare it with a Mozart concert," Peter had warned her.

"Don't you want me to come . . . ?" Anne had asked, seriously now.

"Yes, I do . . . I really do . . . and I knew you would, but it will be quite an experience and not only for me."

He had been right. She felt as if she were drowning in an ocean of noise, the monotonous beat of the drum was the strong current running against her. She tried to fight it, but could not. It overwhelmed her and she was seized by fear. She couldn't stand this much longer; and had to fight the impulse to run away. She didn't belong here. She was square. The amplified sound hurt her ear-drums; the smell of the unwashed bodies and clothes and sweat nauseated her and the mass of swaying persons around her confused and choked her. She had come along to support Peter, to pray for him, right here . . . — I will pray for you without ceasing — That's what she had said . . . She had been so confident, so sure of herself . . . But now she felt lost, scared and full of doubts. How could Peter sing for this massive, uncontrollable anonymous bunch of wild kids? And she had told him to do it . . . that it was God's will!

"You've got to be their star, Peter . . ."

"Mother, I can't . . ."

"With God's help you can do everything . . ."

Words, words. Cheap words. Words were always cheap. Only deeds counted. Silently Christ had walked the Via Dolorosa . . . Who had told her that once? It didn't matter. She thought what Peter had to go through, but she had not known! But Peter had. Yet he had come . . . Daniel in the lion's den, but this time the lions would devour him . . .

Anne cried, softly, hopelessly mixed up, filled with fear and torment. What had she done? Help him, God, please, help him! I can't help him . . . I can't do a thing for him, but you can! Please, help him, help him . . .", she prayed over and over again, unable to find other words to express her total dependence of herself and of Peter upon her Lord.

With a sudden shock Anne noticed that the music had stopped and that the noise in the Hall was quieting down. Her heart skipped a beat. Had the time come for Peter to perform? She looked on her watch. Past ten o'clock. It must be . . . Not one of the other players or groups had been announced. They didn't need any introduction. Everybody knew them. What about Peter? She watched the platform intently. Her stomach cramped when she saw that Peter's own stool and guitar were brought near one of the microphones. Her hands were clammy and a lump blocked her throat.

Then Peter appeared from among the heavy curtains and was instantly caught in the spotlight. He leaned heavily on his crutches and his hunchback drew a grotesque shadow on the wall behind him.

A sudden hush fell over the audience. For the first time it was dead quiet for several seconds. Then a wave of whispers rippled through the audience. Peter didn't look up. Deeply concentrated he sought his way to his stool, trying carefully to avoid the many wires of the sound system all over the floor. Thousands pairs of eyes followed him attentively. He had almost reached his stool, when he tripped The Hall held its breath and sighed with relief when Peter regained his balance without falling and sat down. He strapped on his belt and picked up his guitar.Then, for the first time, he looked up, a quick, sudden glance, taking in at one shot the mass of people in front of him. He smiled shyly and started to tune his guitar. After waiting a few moments he started to play. It seemed to take the audience by surprise, as if it still couldn't believe that this young, disfigured chap on the platform was the creator of this top-hit. But suddenly the truth seemed to hit home and the Hall came alive, clapping their hands and stamping their feet and so giving way to their cramped up emotions which had tightened their stomachs and mellowed their hearts. "Peter . . . Peter, . . . PETER . . . PETER!!" The Hall droned with their shouts.

Peter looked up, almost stunned, then, hesitantly he raised a hand to quiet them and seized the microphone.

"Thank you for your welcome," he said with a not too steady voice. "At first I thought it was a crazy idea to come here, but now I'm actually glad that I came . . . I want to sing for you now WORLD WITHOUT END. That's my welcome to you."

His voice still trembled a bit when he began, but it steadied itself quickly and became deep and clear and warm when he sang about a world without end which would be a perfect world and which was surely to come.

Anne sat very quiet. Her fears had gone and she felt very small, very humble. The atmosphere in the Hall had changed. Some kids still stamped their feet and rocked along with the beat of Peter's songs, but it was controlled now, more decorous, more dignified. Half an hour went by fast and Peter had become one with the audience. His faith radiated a glow which was reflected on the faces of the people in front of him. Everybody listened with great attention and eagerness.

Finally Peter laid his guitar in his lap. "I've come to my last song now," he said, "and I like to dedicate it to my mother, who is with us here tonight. If it hadn't been for her, I certainly wouldn't have come here . . . You understand why. But she made me see that we all have a task in this world and that nothing much can be accom-

A

Blessed Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

to all is the wish of Management and Staff.

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Palmerston, Ont.

C. PARLEVLIET

Niagara Falls, Ont.

IMPORTEUR VAN

SEA GULL

HOLLAND HERRING

WENST ALLEN

een Gezegend Kerstfeest

EN EEN

Voorspoedig 1972 toe.

plished by sitting back or by hiding yourself in a self-made shelter. That applies to me, but to you, too. So I came. I came to tell you about Jesus in my songs. He is my Saviour and He wants to be yours, too. The song I'm going to sing now is entitled A STAR STOOD STILL ABOVE AN INN."

It had become very quiet. Peter sang as never before. The melody was beautiful and yet simple. The words told the Gospel of Salvation in a compelling, convincing way and the refrain came back over and over again:

A star stood still
above an inn
where Jesus came to earth —
to take my sins
on Calvary's hill —
the purpose of His birth.

The people leaned forward as if they were afraid to miss a single word and could not afford this. Ann listened just as spellbound as the others. It was as if a new dimension had been added to Peter's singing. It was filled with rapture and joy, and seemed to come from the bottom of his heart. Suddenly Anne recognized what this new dimension was. He's giving himself! He's turning himself inside out to show what Jesus did for him! That's what it is, Anne thought, wiping a tear off her cheek. She remembered a quote from Beethoven, which she had read not too long ago: Music should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman. This was music then . . .

When the last tones had died away in a deep, almost reverent silence, it remained quiet for several minutes. Someone started to clap and a thundering applause broke loose which went on and on. "Peter, Peter, PETER, PETER!!" The walls echoed his name.

Peter unfastened his belt, seized his crutches and stumbled up. Slowly he walked to the brim of the platform and took one of the microphones in his hand. Gradually the clapping and shouting died down and it became quiet.

"Thank you . . . Thank you," Peter said, "you really make me feel at home here. I got the feeling that you all have become my friends. I can't tell you what a great feeling that is. I've never had friends before. That was my own fault. I didn't trust people, not you either. That's why I first refused to come here. But now I know better . . . Thank you, thank you . . ." His voice was hoarse with emotion when he went on: "It was a great night . . . God made it that way . . . His power is limitless. He proved it to me and He will prove it to you, too, if you trust Him."

"It's time to go home now. I'm going home. I hope you will do the same. Some of you might not have been home for a long time, because you preferred to have your own hang-out. I don't think that's right. Your parents are waiting for you. Go back to them. Try again . . . make a new start . . . with Jesus. It will work . . . He's so great. Forget about the past. Jesus wants to forgive you all these things. That's why He was born on this earth; that's why we celebrate Christmas . . . Happy Christmas to all of you . . ."

Hopping on his crutches Peter disappeared between the curtains. A girl sobbed and destroyed the silence. A voice began to sing, uncertain and softly: A STAR STOOD STILL ABOVE AN INN, where Jesus came to earth . . . Other voices fell in and more and more joined until out of the collective mouth of the audience Peter's Christmas song became a mighty chorus, which followed Peter till in his dressing-room.

Anne could not remember how she finally had managed to get out of the Hall, for nobody had seemed in a hurry to leave. Now she was driving home. Without taking her eyes off the road and her hands off the wheel, she said to Peter: "That was indeed a great night."

"Yes, it was . . . I never knew before how great God's Spirit is."

For a long time it remained quiet. "Would you like me to stop for a cup of coffee?" Anne asked. When there came no answer she turned her head. Peter had fallen asleep and a vague smile circled his mouth.

★

Two days later when Anne was still busy in the kitchen with Christmas preparations the doorbell rang.

When she opened the door she saw an elderly gentleman and a teenage girl. Who was this man? Somehow he seemed a bit familiar.

"You don't know me anymore, Mrs. Nordam?"

"Doctor Hoving! You!", Anne said, pleasantly surprised. "Please, come in! Sorry that I did't recognize you right away. It's such a long time ago that I've seen you." And you changed so much, she thought. He looks so old, so worn out . . .

"This is my daughter Sheila."

"I like to thank Peter for his beautiful concert . . . , the girl said. "That's why I wanted to come along with father. Is Peter home?"

"Yes, of course . . ." Anne said, "but I don't know . . ." She hesitated. She wasn't sure that Peter would be willing to talk to strangers. Then she checked herself, and smiled. Of course. Things had changed now. "I'm sure he'll be glad to see you, Sheila. I'll show you his room. It's downstairs . . ."

She knocked at Peter's door. "Company for you, Peter!" She opened the door and showed the girl in. Dr. Hoving had stayed upstairs.

"I'll like to talk to that remarkable son of yours, too, Mrs. Nordam, but not before I've talked to you," she said when he sat down in the livingroom. "I've some business of my own in this house."

"Maybe you like some coffee first, doctor," Anne said, "you've had a long trip . . ."

"Later. Yes. Gladly. But first I'd like to settle an important matter." He got up from his chair and paced the room up and down.

"I owe you an apology, Mrs. Nordam. About twenty years ago I called you a stiff-necked fool . . ."

"A thick-skulled fool . . . ," Anne corrected gently.

"So you haven't forgotten? No, I didn't think you would. We were both fighting for our convictions. Well, you won. That's why I am here. I want to apologize calling you a fool. I was wrong. You weren't that fool, I was. Please, forgive me Mrs. Nordam. It took a long time for a know-it-all-guy like me to come to that conclusion, but here I am . . ." He stretched out his hand which Anne gladly took.

"Of course you're forgiven. A long time ago already . . . But I'm glad you came . . . not because I was right, but because . . . well, because God was right. He made everything so wonderful."

"I know. I was there."

"There?"

"Yes. On Peter's festival. That's what Sheila calls it."

"You? But why? I would never expect you there!"

"Neither would I have a year ago . . . but during the past year I've attended more rock festivals than the average teenager. To look for Sheila. She left home last January. We had had quite some quarrels previous to that time. You know that she is our only child. She got everything she needed, everything she wanted. At least that's what my wife and I thought. But now I know that we were wrong. She didn't get what she needed. She needed some spiritual anchorage and we didn't recognize this need. We couldn't have given it to her anyhow, for we didn't have any ourselves. We fed her, clothed her, gave her a beautiful room, presents, we taught her morals, etiquette, manners; we paid huge sums for her education, for music lessons, for a brand new car and every other folly which entered her or our heads. It didn't make her happy. On the contrary, I suspected she was on drugs. As a doctor you can easily tell, but I wouldn't believe it. Not our girl. She refused to discuss this matter. Instead she left home . . ."

"Do you know what it is like to have a son or daughter and not to know where he or she is? Not even be sure whether your child is still alive or dead? You will never understand unless you've experienced such torture yourself. Sheila never wrote, never phoned, nobody seemed to know where she was, nobody seemed to know anything at all about her. I travelled from coast to coast, crossed the border. I had to find her. I had to. I went to youth hostels, teenager's hang-outs, rock-groups, you name it, I asked the Salvation Army, Teen Challenge, the police . . . no one could help me. The only one I didn't ask was God, your God. I still didn't believe that He existed. Until two days ago. When I heard your son sing about Him. I can't tell you what a shock it was to see him on that platform. I'd never expected such a thing, nobody had. As soon as I saw him, I realized that this was your son. The child who never would've been there if I had had my way . . . It was such a blow in my face, that I was completely knocked out. I felt smaller than a speck of dust. Then Peter sang . . . You were there, you know how it was. And all the time there was only one thought in my mind. If only Sheila were there to hear him . . . That night I couldn't sleep. I felt desperate. For the first time I prayed. It must have been a strange prayer by your standards. I only asked God that Sheila could've been at the Festival. That sounds ridiculous of course, the festival was all over. Sheila had or had not been there. Even God couldn't change that anymore, could He? Yet I prayed that prayer and against all reason I believed that God could still do it . . .

A few minutes later the phone rang. It could've been a patient, but I knew is was Sheila, even before I reached the phone. She wanted to come home . . . I picked her up that same night . . ."

Anne cried, deepy moved as she was and unable to express in words her feelings of happiness and gratitude.

"And now I like to see Peter," the doctor said. "Then you can give me the coffee. You could use some yourself, too!"

They went downstairs. At the door they halted. Peter was playing his guitar and a young, soft girl's voice sang the words: A STAR STOOD STILL ABOVE AN INN, where Jesus came to earth . . .

Dr. Hoving and Anne looked at each other and smiled.

— the end —

Advent

(Isaiah 35)

The wilderness in great elation
Shall sing when God His mercy shows;
The desert clothed in re-creation
Shall smile and blosom like a rose.
Her flowering bloom shall be abundant,
Her joyful singing sound triumphant;
This is the end of nature's doom.
Behold God's splendour, He is glorious!
Observe His majesty victorious.
He made the weary waste land bloom.

Invigorate the hands now shaking,
Confirm the knees which fail with fear;
Proclaim to those in anxious aching
The glorious message: God is here!
Be not afraid, He comes to bless you,
Avenging those who dare oppress you;
Be strong, He sets His people free.
The Lord is coming, sing ye nation,
Join nature in its exultation,
Complete redemption you shall see.

Then shall the eyes of blindborn people
Be opened and the deaf shall hear.
The faltering feet of lame and cripple
Shall then be leaping like a deer.
The tongue of dumb shall sing God's glory,
An anthem of redemption's story;
Creation shall reveal His might.
No jackall shall there be, no lizzard,
But springs of water in the desert;
No thirsty land but meadows bright.

A level highway shall be laid there,
It shall becalled the Holy Way.
No unclean man nor fool shall stay there;
No lion neither beast of prey.
But exiles whom the Lord shall pity
Return to Zion, God's own city
In jubilant and glad array.
The ransomed of the Lord Jehovah
Shall sing their joyful Hallelujah,
Sorrow and sighing flee away.

K. Hart.

We thank all of you for your continuous support and wish everyone a Blessed Christmas and a Happy 1972.

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THE WORLD AROUND US

NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND THE DEFENCE OF WESTERN EUROPE

The nuclear weapons now available to defend Europe are of many sorts and are controlled by at least three different authorities. The American strategic nuclear force consists of land based missiles, aircraft and nuclear submarines, a few of which are assigned to NATO, the remainder under direct American control. Secondly, there are American tactical nuclear weapons in Europe (estimated to number around 7,000) which are under American custody but can be released from it to Britain, Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands. These countries have the means to deliver these nuclear weapons — by aircraft, missile launcher or artillery — and their armed forces are trained in the use of these weapons. The decision to release these weapons to these countries rests solely with the United States President.

Thirdly there is British nuclear force. It consists of Polaris submarines, nuclear capable aircraft based in Europe and part of NATO forces. The decision to release these weapons rests with the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Fourthly there is the French strategic nuclear force. Presently it consists of Mirage aircraft, but will evolve in time through land based missiles to nuclear submarines, very much like Great Britain. The French also have a tactical nuclear weapon (the 'Pluton') which will be issued to the French forces in 1972 or 1973. French nuclear weapons are under direct control of the French government but they are not part of the NATO deterrence force.

The present system has kept the peace in Europe and in all likelihood will continue to do so unless some drastic changes occur. No one in Europe is naive enough to think that without the United States' nuclear umbrella a realistic defence is possible. The French and British nuclear forces are simply not strong enough. Even though the French force "could tear an arm off" the USSR, as the French like to boast, that would hardly make up for the complete devastation of France (and perhaps Europe) by the Soviet Union when it retaliated.

The big difficulty is that presently there is not enough cooperation and discussion among the three (four if NATO is counted as a separate unit) powers now controlling the nuclear weapons which are to defend Europe. There is no general agreement on when the weapons should be used, and what exactly constitutes the emergency when the decision to use the weapons will have to be made. Such decisions should not be left until the last moment; they take a long time to work out and right now there are three very good reasons why a joint policy should be decided upon shortly.

The first reason is that the French are almost ready to issue the 'Pluton' to their troops. Will this weapon only be given to the troops stationed in France, or also to those in Germany? If the latter, will the French government authorize the use of this weapon on German soil if it appears that an invasion from the East cannot be stopped before the French border is reached? Germany shoud be vitally concerned about this question since its territory may be demolished in a European war while the other nations emerge relatively unscathed. This last possibility can only occur if the United States and the Soviet Union decide not to enlarge the tactical nuclear war by using missile strikes on each other's homeland.

The second point is that the US and USSR can, during the current SALT talks, reach an agreement whereby both promise not to be the first to bring a major nuclear strike down on the other. If such an agreement were reached, and both sides adhered to it, West Europe in general and Germany in particular could become devastated through the use of tactical nuclear weapons while the two major powers remained relatively unscathed. Perhaps this theory is a little far-fetched, but the possibility is there and because Europe is the one that would suffer it might well want to discuss this matter now.

The third point is that up to now it has always been assumed that the United States would provide the nuclear umbrella for Europe. But will this assumption hold true for the future? President Nixon's monetary policy, his planned trips to China and Russia clearly show that the U.S. looks beyond Europe. Perhaps there will come a time when the United States will find it expedient to let Europe look after itself. Presently there are still a large number of American troops in Germany and as long as they remain, American intervention, in case of attack, is assured because these troops would become involved in the fighting from the start. Certain members of the U.S. Senate have pressed for years, however, that America should withdraw its troops from Germany. Eventually this may come about, in which case the U.S. will have time to size up the situation before deciding whether or not to join in the conflict there.

One way out of the problem is for France and Britain to pool their resources and to build a nuclear force capable of holding the Russians back. In the last year or so many voices have been raised in support of this suggestion. It is not possible, however, for France and Britain to spend the same amount of money on nuclear armament as the two world powers. Besides, they are so far ahead that it is, financially as well as technologically, impossible to catch up.

The other alternative is that the NATO forces be increased to such a degree that they could stop a conventional attack with conventional weapons. This is also unrealistic. In the first place because it would be prohibitively expensive and in the second place because the USSR could still use tactical nuclear weapons in which case it must be possible to retaliate in kind.

A nuclear force under joint control cannot be formed in Europe until there is a European state to operate it and that seems a long time away. On a political level such a formation is almost impossible.

There only remains one solution — such close cooperation between American, British, French and NATO authorities that all contingencies are discussed and decisions made in advance as to what action to take in a given circumstance. Not everything can be foreseen, of course, but if talks are started now, cooperation can become so close that it will be possible to take vital decisions on short notice.

J. J. Bout.

Pastoral Counselling

QUICK REMEDIES FOR TODAY'S ILLNESSES

by REV. RALPH HEYNEN,

Pine Rest Christian Hospital Chaplain.

I would like to talk with you today on the subject "Quick Remedies for Today's Illnesses." I have been observing some of our grandchildren and their T.V. habits. Most of us as adults use the time for commercials as the time to get up and to get a drink of water or we say, "I wish those commercial were not so loud and so long;" but not so the children from one to five. They stop what they are doing to watch the commercials. They learn to sing the little tunes that accompany them, and they soon identify the product that is being sold. Evidently the men on Madison Avenue have a way of appealing to the young, the very young; while those of us who are a bit older get annoyed at the exaggerated claims made for the products that are being sold. It may be a bit consoling to know that Ralph Nader and his staff are also watching the ads, and that they rap companies on their knuckles when their claims go beyond bounds. But I do feel that the commercials on T.V., the ads on the radio or on the printed page are a commentary of our time. We want quick remedies for all that ails us today. And the commercials promise just that, so I believe that these ads are a telling picture of the time in which we live. They communicate a great deal about the kind of people we are. If someone twenty-five years from now would make a study of the ads that are found in the magazines or on T.V. we could be described as a generation of neurotics, people who are forever thinking of their own health. But out of this study he would find that this generation in which we are living is also conscious of trying to get quick remedies for all that ails him.

The hurried business executive comes into the house with his briefcase, he takes off his coat, he is too tired to go out for the evening until, of course, he gets a glass of bubbling medication that restores him back to his usual veer. The mother at home is on edge much of the time. She gets tired of the children, ready to scream; but fortunately there are pills that prevent this. And then, too, you could always find those things that solve nervous tension, because just a few tablets or possibly a tablespoon full of medication removes the tension that makes the nagging housewife into a regular queen, or a man may have a stomach upset. Now why should you wait till a pleasant tasting pill dissolves in the water? The modern man cannot afford to wait. He needs immediate relief; so he has to use a powdered product because this gives help much more quickly. It dissolves in the stomach within seconds, while other medications might take ten minutes, and of course you cannot wait. Or you have sore feet or corns, there is a remedy for them and as soon as you put it on immediately the pain is gone. I do not know if you have ever tried this product, but I can assure you it does not work quite that way. And then, of course, the people with the nagging backaches are a favorite subject for the men on Madison Avenue, but a few pills will change a person from a grouch to a very pleasant person. We have all these kind of things to help us to overcome the ills of life. If you cannot sleep at night, of course, there are remedies for this. Take one of those pills, turn off the light, and immediately you will drop off into quiet slumber until the breaking of the day.

Now why are people so interested in quick remedies? What is all the hurry about? Why are we so eager to get over all tired feelings, and this tired blood, and all the other kind of things that bother people? I believe that this is an indication of the kind of age in which we are living. We look at life and we find that in most homes there is a medicine chest full of remedies and if there is something wrong with you, all you have to do is just to take one of these pills, just so you are sure you know which bottle you are using. And then, of course, you should be careful that you choose the right product because one product is so much better than the other. In a conversation with some people it is the most remarkable thing how much medical knowledge they have piled up without going to medical school. They get most of it from the Readers' Digest or from the T.V. But people are so extremely concerned about health and about remedies and there are certain people who have all the answers and can tell you exactly what you need to relieve a certain situation.

A well-balanced person is one who is mindful of his health. He is concerned to the extent that he is going to follow good rules of healthful living, but he is not going to be thinking about his health all the time. He does not have to be so concerned about his condition because he is pretty sure that his heart will keep on beating and that the system will continue to function, and so he ignores a lot of these little aches and pains that bother people so much. He does not feel that he has to pamper himself. Paul was well aware of the weaknesses of the body. He had enough of them, but he was able to forget about his physical condition in the light of the sufficient grace of God. In fact, he never even revealed just what that thorn in the flesh was and preachers have been guessing about that for the longest time, and have come up with the strangest answers. He does write to Timothy that he should take a little wine for his stomach and that he should get more exercise. He adds to it the fact that it is more profitable to be godly because this is the exercise that really counts, but he does not ignore the exercise of the body.

One of the basic needs of man is that we have our personality realized as an organic whole. This includes man's inner and outer condition. Human nature must be so organized and intergrated that our feelings and thoughts are in harmony with our outward behavior. Our hopes and ideals are blended together into a harmony with the things that we are performing day by day. When the mental and emotional life begins to break down it means that usually the inner unity is disturbed. There is no longer the integration that ought to be with the self, and in the neurotic person you find this to be extremely evident. We have to learn to search for wholeness, but you do not have to be looking for perfect physical health or even mental health, because nobody really has this. How do you deal with people who are always complaining, always talking about their health, discussing their diets or the latest medications that they have found? I think for one thing we should not take these people so seriously. You can lend them a sympathetic ear, particularly when they get to be a little older, but do not let them concentrate on their health.

I like the idea that Jesus suggests when He says to the people that, "ye may be made whole again." Wholeness is not just health, but a unity within the self, so that you find people who are well integrated; they are an organic whole. And then, too, those people who do a lot of complaining about their aches and pains, ought to go out and do something for somebody else who really needs their help, particularly somebody who is in real suffering. I think it is important because there is so much self-centeredness in all of this concern about our health and finding quick remedies to remove all of our aches and pains. We have to be sympathetic to others; we should try to help others; but we need not pamper each other. Do not encourage the neurotic way of living, either within yourself or within others; because it makes you ineffective; it makes you the kind of person who thinks about nothing else but yourself, and that is a poor way to live. Getting out and helping others can be a very real help to a person who is complaining about his own health. For that reason I think a lot of the things we learn from T.V., particularly from these ads, and hopefully these little children do not pick too much of this up, but actually it leads to the point that we are becoming a nation that is filled with neurotics and who have all kinds of pills that feed their neurotic tendencies. We should learn to see life in its broader and its greater outreach and look beyond ourselves. This is God's way for us, too.

OUR THOUGHT FOR TODAY: If we desire to live as the pure in heart, we should strive for a genuine consistent life. This requires that we learn to know our thoughts. Consider yourself richer each day that you discover a fault; not that you should be happy about the fault, but that you have the grace to overcome it.

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Thankful to God the Giver of life, we are happy to announce the birth of our daughter

CYNTHIA DARLENE
(Cindy)

A sister for Judy and Christina.
Born November 26, 1971.
Charles and Stella DeVries.
R.R. #3, Belleville, Ont.

With great joy and gratitude to God, we are happy to announce the birth of our new daughter and sister,

ANGELA TERESA GRACE

Born on December 4, 1971.
Albert and Ann VanBenthem and family.
R.R. #1, Jarvis, Ont.

With thanks to God our Creator we are happy to announce the safe arrival of

JOHN BENJAMIN SCHALY

brother to: Walter, Gilbert, Henry, Marlene, Ronny, Bobby, Timothy.
Mr. & Mrs. H. Schaly.
Drayton, Ont.

We praise God, Who has entrusted to our care

A SON

born on December 7, 1971.
A brother for Arlene, Christine, and Douglas.
Mr. & Mrs. Martin Duimering.
R.R. 2, Moorefield, Ont.

Mr. & Mrs. John Postma, Brighton, Ont. wish to announce the marriage of their daughter

EVELYN
to
Mr. KLAAS RINSMA

son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Rinsma, Thunder Bay, which took place on October the 30th at 11:30 a.m. in the Ebenezer Christian Reformed Church of Trenton.

Rev. R. Popma officiated.

Mr. & Mrs. A. Boersma of Hamilton, Ont. are happy to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter

JEANETTE
to
Mr. MICHAEL STREEK

son of Mr. & Mrs. Streek of Arnhem, Holland, D.V. on Saturday, December 18, 1971 in the Olivet United Church, Prince George and Empress Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

Rev. Dr. L. Kooistra officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Kuntz of 2 Taply Drive, Westone Ont. are pleased to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter

CHRISTINA
to
Mr. JAN H. VERMEER

son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Vermeer of The Netherlands.

The wedding will take place,, D.V., on Saturday, January 8, 1972 at 1.00 p.m. in the Rehoboth Christian Reformed Church, Etobicoke, Ont.

Rev. M. DeVries officiating.

Rev. and Mrs. VANHARMELEN, R.R. #8, London, Ont., thank all their relatives and friends for making their 35th wedding anniversary an unforgettable day. Thanks also for all the interest shown in our 35th anniversary as occupants of a manse to serve the Lord and His people.

We received so many tokens of interest: cards, flowers, presents, etc, it will be impossible for us to respond to everyone personally.

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

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We rejoice in the blessing of God who has permitted us to enjoy 45 years of happy married life, nine of them in Canada.

1926 December 23 1971

Rev. & Mrs. CORNELIUS WITT, nee JEANETTE SCHOOLLAND

Children:
John Edward and Tillie Van Slot,
Sheryl and Dan Oegema,
Kenneth, Laurens, Richard, Mary,
Muskegon, Mich.
Saramae and Gordon Vander Ark,
Kristyn, Steven, David, Jill, Heidi,
Cutlerville, Mich.
Cornelius James and Geraldine Bierens,
Rachelle, Kimberley, David Neal,
Ripon, Calif.
David L. and Shirley Zwart,
Kerwin and Leann,
Battle Creek, Mich.
Martha Jeanne and Edward Ausema,
Grant, Mich.

152 Oakwood Avenue,
Holland, Michigan 49423

1941 — 1971

On Friday, December 24, 1971, the Lord willing, we hope to celebrate with our parents and grandparents

WIJBE LEEGSTRA
and
YNSKJE LEEGSTRA,
nee VAN DER VEEN

their 30th wedding anniversary.

That the Lord may bless and keep them is the wish of their children.

Linden, Ont.:
Robert Leegstra.
Guelph, Ont.:
Jack and Dorothy Reitsma,
Ingrid, Stanley.
Linden, Ont.:
Andy and Sharon Leegstra,
Lisa.
Hespeler, Ont.:
Theo and Betty Pennings,
Michael.
Linden, Ont.:
Eneke.

R.R. 1, Copetown, Ont.

On Saturday, December 18, 1971, the Lord willing, we hope to celebrate with our parents and grandparents

JOHAN C. A. HOOGENDAM
and
CORNELIA HOOGENDAM—DUPREE

their 25th wedding anniversary.

We thank our great God for His care and ever abiding love and pray that He may grant them continued help and happiness together in years to come.

Guelph, Ont.:
Ria and John Ritsema.
Oshawa, Ont.:
Leny and John Rustenburg.
Richmond, B.C.:
Netty and Harry Kalsbeek.
At home:
Hans Hoogendam.
And grandchildren.

2303 Brookhurst Rd.,
Clarkson, Ont.

Man. 58, met 12-jarige dochter, zoeken een moeder en echtgenote. Beiden zijn gezond maar eenzaam. Wonen in Vancouver. Beloof U geheimhouding. Schrijf naar Calvinist-Contact onder nummer 3004, Box 312, Station B, Hamilton, Ont.

Needed:

A COMPANION

to share living quarters (full house) with an elderly widow who needs company. Address correspondence to Box 835, Kemptville, Ontario.

Wanted:

MARRIED MAN

for Western hog farm. Better than average wages and accommodation. For information write to Box 3002, % Calvinist-Contact, P.O. Box 312, Stat. B, Hamilton, Ont.

Wanted:

A SINGLE MAN

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Weduwnaar in S. Alberta, eigen zaak, zou graag in

CONTACT

komen met een dame, leeftijd ong. 50—60 jaar. Brieveno nder No 3003, % Calvinist-Contact, P.O. Box 312, Stat. B, Hamilton, Ont.

On December 4, 1971 the Lord called Home our dearly beloved mother, grandmother and great-grandmother

ANNA LUYT VERKAIK,

at the age of 86 years.

Her long cherished hope to be with Jesus has now been fulfilled.

Her children: Jacob
George
Harry
Peter
Elizabeth (Mrs. Wm. Horlings)
Lena (Mrs. Harry Israels)
Anne (Mrs. Stanley Mol)
Agnes (Mrs. Arthur Van Dyke)
Anthony.
35 grandchildren.
26 great-grandchildren.

The funeral took place on December 7, 1971 at the Bradford Cemetery.

Springdale — Holland Marsh, Ont.

Uit Holland ontvingen wij bericht, dat op 24 november 1971, op de leeftijd van 46 jaar, de Here plotseling tot Zich heeft genomen onze lieve broeder en oom,

JOHANNES ALBERTUS EISEN,

geliefde echtgenoot van G. A. Planke.

Jezus was de vaste rots van zijn behoud.

R.R. 1, Georgetown, Ont.:
R. Gils.
F. Gils-Eisen.
K. van Liere.
A. van Liere-Gils.
Jane Gils.

Kitchener, Ont.,
Weber St. 539.

On December 1, 1971, it pleased the Lord to take unto Himself our beloved mother, grandmother and great-grandmother

JANTJE BEINTEMA-VAN DER PLOEG,

at the age of 86 years in Blya, Friesland.

P. Beintema,
M. Beintema-Swart,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
G. Drost-Beintema,
L. Drost,
Niagara Falls, Ont.
A. Beintema,
J. Beintema-van der Heide,
Ridgeway, Ont.
W. van der Schaaf-Beintema.
Tj. van der Schaaf,
Blya, Friesland.
H. Beintema,
H. Beintema-Verbeek,
Blya, Friesland.
22 grandchildren.
24 great grandchildren.

On December 2, 1971 our dear father ,grandfather and great-grandfather

HARM BAKKER,

who would have celebrated his 85th birthday this month, was taken to his heavenly home to be there with his Lord and Saviour.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there by any more pain." (Rev. 21:4)

The Eggink family.

R.R. 1, Jarvis, Ont.

It is the children's wish and prayer that God strengthen our mother in this time of sorrow as her parents are now both gone from this earth.

Zeer getroffen door het plotseling sterven van ons geliefd trouw medelid

Mrs. J. VAN DE BAAN,

betuigen wij aan de kinderen en familie ons hartelijk medeleven.

"Zij is verlost, God heeft haar welgedaan."

Dat dit zeker weten hen en ons allen trooste, is onze bede.

Namens de Vrouwen-vereniging "Belijden en Beleven",
Dundas, Ont.

To all our friends and relatives we wish to express our sincere wishes for a blessed Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Mr. & Mrs. J. VAN GEEL and family.
R.R. 2, Fruitland, Ont.

To all our friends and acquaintances a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.

Mr. & Mrs. H. BEZEMER.
West Flamboro, Ont.

In plaats van kaarten.

Aan familie, vrienden en bekenden wensen we God's Zegen toe voor het jaar 1972.

Mr. en Mrs. O. De Boer.
R.R. 7, Brantford, Ont.

We wish all relatives and friends a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.

Art & Gertie Wagenaar & family.
52 Wardrope Ave. S.,
Stoney Creek, Ont.

Mr. & Mrs. BERT MULDER

willen all familieleden, vrienden en bekenden een gezegend Kerstfeest toewensen en ook een gezegend jaar voor 1972.

608 Stone Church Rd. E.,
Hamilton 55, Ont.

Wishing everyone
A Merry Christmas &
A Happy New Year.

BILL & BETTY VANDERBYL
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Bailieboro, Ontario.

WOULD OWNER OF CAR

who backed into a stationwagon on Dec. 5th between 8-11 p.m. at York Christian Reformed Church, please call 765-2580.

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in a christian home like atmosphere,, will be opened in January '72, at Grimsby, Ontario. Services that we offer are private and semi-private rooms, plus sitting, dining and recreation rooms. Nurse on duty.

Close to Chr. Reformed Church, transportation provided. Dutch and Frisian understood and spoken. For further information write Mr. & Mrs. A. De Jong, 143 West 25th Street, Hamilton 43, Ont.

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2223 Prospect St.,
Burlington, Ont. Phone 637-2571

DATA CENTRE

Dec. 18	Candlelight Service presented by the Grimsby Chr. Choral Society in the Mountainview Chr. Ref. Church, Grimsby. 8.30 p.m. under the direction of Mr. G. E. Hoekstra.
Dec. 18	The 4 combined Music Societies will perform in the Bowmanville Christian School on Scugog Street, Bowmanville under the direction of Leendert Kooy, A.R.C.T.
Dec. 19	Candlelight Service, Riverside Chr. Ref. Church, Wellandport, Ont. Wellandport School Choir "Soli Deo Gloria" and "Excelsior" Brass Band.
Dec. 27	Concert of the 4 Music Societies under the direction of Leendert Kooy in Knox Presbyterian Church, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, 8 p.m. Celebrating Tenth Anniversary.
Dec. 29	Reunion H.D.C.H. Alumni Assoc., 8 p.m. Auditorium.

GUIDE
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We also have other farms from 44 acres to 200 acres.

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Call 519-539-9866

Agent: ALBERT VANDERKOOI, call 519-423-6443.

HET IS DE MOEITE WAARD DEZE ADVERTENTIE AANDACHTIG TE LEZEN

TE KOOP

2 PRACHTIGE GROTE WINKELS EN EEN MODERN VRIJSTAAND HUIS kunnen wij U voordelig en onder zeer gemakkelijke betalingsvoorwaarden aanbieden met slechts $5,000.00 downpayment. De totaal prijs voor deze solide en mooi gelegen panden is slechts $87,000.00 en de eigenaren zijn genegen er een eerste hypotheek op te verstrekken van $82,000.00 à 7%, terwijl de maandelijkse betalingen slechts $650.00 bedragen, rente & aflossing inbegrepen.

Een der winkels, waarin een drukke kruidenierszaak is gevestigd, is verhuurd tot 1975 en hiervan ontvangt U $250.00 per maand, dus hebt U zelf slechts $400.00 per maand aan deze hypotheek te betalen voor het huis dat U gaat bewonen en voor de grote moderne winkel welke U zelf gaat exploiteren. Deze winkel is slechts 12 jaar geleden gebouwd en sinds deze tijd worden er manufacturen (Drygoods from Canada, Holland & Duitsland) verkocht zowel als school- en schrijf-benodigdheden, en vele andere goed verkoopbare artikelen. In deze zaak is een omzet van ongeveer $60,000.00 per jaar met een bruto winst van ongeveer $23,000.00. De courante goederenvoorraad moet worden overgenomen tegen factuurprijs en zal zo ongeveer $33,000.00 tot $35,000.00 bedragen. Doch ook hiervoor zal het wel mogelijk zijn met de eigenaren tot een overeenkomst te komen, daar zij op hogere leeftijd gekomen zijnde uit de zaak willen en blijkbaar geld genoeg hebben. Voor serieuze kopers is de eigenaar bereid inzage der boeken te verschaffen en een verslag van bruto & netto winst van dit bedrijf.

Waar U ook woont, het is zeker de moeite waard om over te komen en Uzelf te overtuigen, zonder enige verplichting Uwerzijds. Indien U dit van plan bent, wilt U ons daarvan dan vroegtijdig even berichten wanneer U wilt komen, zodat wij voldoende tijd kunnen vrij maken om U volledig ten dienste te kunnen zijn.

Mocht U die dit leest zelf niet geïnteresseerd zijn en U hebt iemand in Uw familie- of kennissenkring waarvan U denkt dat hij wel belangstelling voor dit prachtige aanbod heeft, wilt U hem dan hiervan in kennis stellen en hem deze advertentie doen toekomen? Bij voorbaat dank.

CONTACT:

K. KRAAY, Real Estate Broker
2 Juliana Crescent ST. CATHARINES, ONT. Phone 934-1813
of Mr. T. VanMarrum, R.R. 4, Fenwick, Ont. Phone 892-6165

At Christmas-time we always take a recess
And we reflect on what the year has brought.
We live so fast, we need time for reflection
To look again at all what we have wrought.

Or — is it right to say: what WE accomplished?
Are we not rather helpers of our God?
We cannot set the pace nor plan the journey.
God's council keeps the secret of our lot.

A fire destroyed all what we built together.
But we rebuilt and started new again.
We work full swing and our staff returned, —
Yet something changed — the fire was not in vain.

This Christmas-time we will again have recess,
We will reflect on what the Lord has done.
He was still there when we thought in a moment
That all what we performed and gained was gone.

Although our work falls short and is not perfect,
Yet Christmas tells that the Redeemer lives!
In earnest prayer we kneel and humbly offer,
Devoting Him all what He first us gives.

WITH BEST WISHES FOR A BLESSED CHRISTMAS

AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

FROM MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF

HOLLANDIA BAKERIES LTD.

MOUNT BRYDGES, ONT.

AND

ARCHWAY COOKIES